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THE BETTER WAY

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THE BETTER WAY

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EDITORIAL.

That mythical "Satan" of the Book and the Church, the ubiquitous traveller who "goeth to and fro in the earth and walketh up and down upon it," if his profession and occupation will permit him to laugh, must sometimes become hilarious over the severe cases of modern Church discord.

This planet Mars will play a conspicuous part in astronomical circles this summer. It reaches perihelion August 4th and will be in opposition August 26th. This will offer the most favorable opportunity to observe the fiery planet since 1877. It may now be seen in the south-eastern sky about 9 p.m.

ALTHOUGH the American flag, while being displayed by private citizens, has been twice torn down in Canada, during the current year, once by the militia and once by the town constable, it has not sufficiently disturbed our people to reciprocate. Americans, whether in private or public life, do not stoop to small things or display a taste in affairs that can only reflect discredit on their country.

To depict all the suffering of humanity, as the daily papers record it, would break the heart of any sympathetic writer. Selfishness, selfishness, selfishness, wherever this suffering may be traced to its cause, and no redress for the victim except to await the justice that nature accords to all in the process of time. "Vengeance is mine," is not a mere outburst of righteous indignation, but a truth sensed as law's compensation in connection with the selfishness of earth. For these we have pity; censure would add to their suffering and ours.

IF THERE is to be a literal resurrection of the material body, then when that mythical trumpet sounds the liveliest places on earth will be its great battle-fields. No picket guard will prevent a private from securing his missing limb, though he traces it through the grass which grew in the sod, the cattle which ate the grass, another fellow who ate the beef, and so on ad infinitum. A search-warrant, fortified with omnipresence, would be required to reconstruct the soldier who was blown into fragments by a cannon-ball or bomb. Even the clergymen are giving up that old "pint of faith and doctrine," and accepting the resurrection of the spiritual body as the true and harmonious teaching. The teachings of Spiritualism are "enlightening even the creedal world."

TO AN intelligent Spiritualist and one who lives daily within the orbit of sweet, helpful, and comforting spiritual influences; who receives great influxes, like baptisms, of courage both to do and to endure; to whom the music of life is like the song of the birds, and its fragrance like the perfume of the sweetest flowers; to whom also the nights of trouble, perplexity, doubt, and darkness are always studded with stars and made to glow with a spiritual aurora borealis; who sees "the Gate Beautiful," at the end of his earth pilgrimage, rather than repulsive death—so it seems so strange that anyone possessing or professing the Christ spirit, should call such a life experience "the work of the devil!" Is it then impossible for one with a creedal bandage upon his soul vision, to discriminate between good and evil? It would seem so.

But true Spiritualism not only inculcates charity, but makes it a natural guest of the soul. Give it welcome, friends! A judgment founded and uttered in ignorance carries with it neither weight nor influence.

THE New York *World* scores Congress for dealing with the question of closing the World's Fair on Sunday in a spirit of the most arrant hypocrisy. It says there are men in Congress who believe it would be wrong to open the

Fair on Sunday, but the great majority have no such scruples. They do not themselves observe Sunday as a Sabbath and do as they please on that day, but think that a profession of Sabatian views will commend them to their constituents. On this pretense they are willing to embarrass the Fair, and work mischief. The *World's* view of Congress in this matter may be applied to office holders at large. A large majority are not Sabatarians, but fear to oppose legislation, favoring Puritanism because their vote will be recorded publicly. It is certainly more honorable to suffer criticism for telling the truth than a lie; for hypocrisy in such matters is but the "devil" recording himself as an angel, and everybody knows it.

THE daily papers have kept their readers advised of the sad scenes which have transpired at the village of Homestead, near Pittsburgh, Pa. It is a sickening recital. Injustice, selfishness, hot blood, and the enthronement of passion over reason, are responsible for murder and sickening scenes of brutality. Ostensibly it was a question between plethoric capital, inflated by its success, and the human machine which created that capital, but really it originated in the spirit of selfishness, which determined to increase the stores of capital more rapidly, and the counter-determination of labor not to sell its muscle and experience at a lower price and thus aid organized capital in its designs.

The state troops are now holding the situation and preserving the public peace, while Congress by a committee is exhaustively probing the difficulty. The general public condemn in no gentle terms the employment of irresponsible Pinkertons by the capitalists. Pennsylvania owes it to her dignity to prevent by law another such Hessian sub-military attack upon her laboring classes.

CHOSEN MEDIUMS.

Mediumship needs no encouragement by mortal praise; for such can but awaken a worldly ambition which is detrimental to its development. Spirits do not desire our aid in this respect. The best mediums are those who have been developed by the spirit world according to principles which we can not understand. Modesty is the most favorable condition we can offer to bring ourselves into harmony with the higher influences of the beyond; for modesty is the intuitive struggle of the soul to overcome human pride and subordinate the animal will to that of the spiritual. No talent or gift is more easily perverted than mediumship, and a desire for worldly fame debases it to a human standard of judgment, attracting vain-glorious spirits with necessary like results. Let the spirits do their own work, and let not mortal suggestion spoil a good medium because the world is slow in acknowledging the gift or its effects. Genius can not be crushed out, and whom the spirit world chooses as its workers, can not be debarred from taking their allotted places among the people of earth, while they honestly voice the wishes of those incarnate intelligences.

EDEN AN ALLEGORY.

The Rev. Joseph S. David in the July number of the *Arena*, discusses the myth of Eden, and gives it clothing as an allegory.

1. The term "garden" means the mind.

2. The tree of which man was forbidden to eat was the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil."

3. The situation of the "garden" was "eastward in Eden." The east is the place of sun-rising and origin of light.

4. The term Adam means mankind and not an individual.

5. The woman was the feminine element, the tempted through desire.

6. The "tree of life" in the midst of the "garden," is the Lord, who dwells in the midst of every creature and all creation."

7. The animal nature in the race is the serpent.

8. "In eating of the tree of knowledge man turned away from the tree of life—divine love and wisdom—to seek knowledge through the animal senses; and what he sought,—he found."

9. Becoming conscious of evil, and contrasting evil with the good constituted his "fall," "his descent to the ma-

terialistic plane of thought and affection, and his awakening to the consciousness of evil and misery."

10. Eve, in addressing the serpent, placed the tree of knowledge in the midst of the garden, thus supplanting the Lord, or good—the spiritual—by the sensual.

Thus man descended to the materialistic plane of thought and awakened to the consciousness of evil and misery.

His descent was necessary for his highest development in the far-distant future. The infantile state can never be permanent.

Before the fall, man had no consciousness of good or evil. He could not have had a conscience.

Thus, in brief, the Rev. Mr. David interprets, what he calls the allegory upon which the whole Christian theology is based. Is it a "thus saith the Lord" in allegory, or in plain statement of fact as theologians affirm? If the former, then why not let Dr. Briggs and like learned Biblical critics alone in their attempt to make the allegory consistent with itself? If the latter, the knowledge of this age is sifting and dissipating the falsity and crudity of statements and theories, which are being repudiated by scholars and thinkers both within and without the Church.

But why linger by the Dead Sea of superstitious reverence for this old, unnatural and ill-adjusted myth or allegory, when living facts are proclaiming living truths? The living waters of Truth are with us, sweet, refreshing, invigorating! The excommunicated hold the cup to the lips of mortals and bid them drink. We repeat the words alleged to have been spoken by the medium of Nazareth: "Whosoever shall drink of this water shall never thirst, but it shall be in him, a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION.

The secular and religious papers have chronicled the proceedings of the convention of the "Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor," held in New York City from the seventh to the tenth of the current month. The *New York Times*, in an extra, published a complete report of the daily proceedings with the full text of the report of its general secretary, John W. Baer. We are indebted to some friend for a special copy of the same.

This society has a membership of over one million, and it is estimated that over 30,000 were in attendance, at different sessions or meetings held by the convention, coming from all parts of the country and from Canada, with representatives from Nova Scotia, England, Scotland, Spain, Australia, Ceylon, India, Syria, Africa, China, Japan, and the Sandwich Islands.

In was an earnest, enthusiastic, doing body of men and women, and not an agglomeration of chanters to the glory of faith, or the supremacy of creedal philosophy. Those who do not see in

the decadence of theology and theological conventions of the faithful, and the rapid rising of the practical and its capture of the popular heart, a most pregnant sign of the times, and a prophecy of the immediate future, are certainly blind.

The practical side of great questions affecting humanity; the falling into line with natural laws; the practical application of the great brotherhood laws, relationships, and resultant duties; the use of the enlarged reasoning powers of the world and their place in making the religion of humanity practical and not merely creedal, dogmatic, and theological; these are fast coming to the front, and faith-dogmas are passing to the rear.

It is the fulfillment of the prophecies of our spirit friends, and will be welcomed by all intelligent humanitarians, Spiritualists included.

It does not trouble us that it still retains an old overcoat or shroud which the fathers wore, and because they wore it. There is a live, practical, earnest worker for humanity under the covering, and when it gets warmed to its work in continuing to do something for itself, the old covering will be shed in a natural way.

We stretch our hand across the great gulf of faith and creed, and grasp the hands that are blessing humanity by their deeds. We can not accept their theories, they may not accept ours, but we can both unite to bless, comfort, and uplift those less fortunate of the brotherhood race, and thus both disclose the real divinity within us. This also is the great ministry of the angel world, whose presence and blessing, we trust, will soon be consciously known to all of these young people who have adopted as their motto the word "Endeavor." The adjective which qualifies it does not trouble us. We only wish that all may have the real, practical spirituality of the Minister whom they profess to serve.

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charms of the story away from us, because the superstitious reverence for the Book, and the credulity in us which gave such narratives plausibility have been severely shaken by the cold logic of facts. Like multitudes of others we have asked for a corroboration of such strange tales, especially as they are founded upon that other more fundamental hypothesis and assertion, that God wreaked vengeance upon his own works, and upon his own children by drowning them en masse, save the family of Noah.

We have the corroborating witness at last! It is our distinguished travelling visitor. He has been upon the Ararat mountain peak, amid its eternal snows. He wore the same shoes. He had his retainers and companions.

In travelling through the deep snows of the summit of Ararat, a hollow sound of a wooden chamber greeted his ears and nerves of sensation. He paused, ordered the snow cleared; and there, on the very spot where it rested on the subsidence of the great waters, lay the three-story Ark in a grand state of preservation! They went on a tour of inspection through the gopher-wood ship. It had a "mizzen-mast," and consequently must have had a fore and main mast and been full-rigged! Which of Noah's sons navigated it? That puzzles us a little. The Book gives no such statement, and our distinguished visitor is "inerrant" or the Book is.

However, very near the "mizzen mast" they found a golden cherubim, which the visitor saw was used at the altar in the Ark, but the Book says nothing about altar or golden cherubim being among the Ark's freight, and one or the other is inerrant again. The witness affirms that his statement is true because he says that the cherubim was too heavy for him to carry, he chipped off one of the wings, and brought it away with him. As those golden cherubims used in earlier periods were of nearly half human stature, the size and weight of a wing must have been a tax upon the muscles of the illustrious witness—but he fortified his testimony by coolly exhibiting a little gold wing from his pocket, and silenced disbelief.

Noah's Ark is found! So is a travelling crank, with a long tongue and a vivid imagination! So will be a small army of credulous fools who will want to touch the golden wing of the cherubim to be cured of "King's Evil" and other ailments. Great is humbuggery, and our illustrious visitor is a Saul among its prophets!

THE BLIND LOVING BLINDNESS.

A public discussion, of little importance but of considerable local influence, took place recently in Portland, Maine, between the Rev. H. P. Woodward, pastor of the Second Advent Church of that city, and Mr. Andrew Cross, one of the leading intelligent Spiritualists of Maine. A full report of the discussion appeared in the columns of the *Boston Globe* of the 18th ult.

The occasion of the discussion was an attack upon Spiritualism by Mr. Woodward in his pulpit, and a review of his position and statements by Mr. Cross. The public discussion, upon the part of Mr. Cross, was limited to the biblical proof that spirits incarnate do return to this earth and intelligently communicate to mortals, waiving the more general and scientific features of Spiritualism. That we may do no injustice in the minds of our readers to the reverend gentleman, we state his positions fairly.

The fundamental position of the Rev. Mr. Woodward, and the religious sect which he represents, is that there is no such thing as an immortal spirit; nor such a being or thing as an immortal personality; that only through a personal belief in Christ is immortality secured to the person, while to all others, Jews, Mahomedans, Buddhists, Brahmins, Heathens, Agnostics, Deists, Doubters, Spiritualists, Materialists, and all nou-
bearers and nou-receivers of the Christ of Gallilee, there is no hope, no future, no life, simply and only an eternity of death or non-existence. According to the reverend polemic, conscious existence of the spirit of man is not based upon his origin, upon the mysterious life-principle within him, upon law or spirit force, upon intelligence, in a word, upon anything save the credence of the heart of the few fortunate ones among the my-

rds of the human family whose birth and surroundings were favorable to their hearing of and believing in the Christ of Judea, who made his appearance in earth, according to creedal chronology, some 3,000 years after the race commenced its existence.

This being his position, he is forced to the logical correlative that there are no spirits of the dead, and can not be raised to life until a literal resurrection of the human body takes place in that far-off day which creedists believe and teach. If the dead are all-over dead, body and spirit, until that resurrection day, then there can be no communication between the living and the dead until that event takes place.

None will hear that bugle-call of Gabriel save those who in earth believed in Christ; all the others will remain in the long unconscious sleep of eternal annihilation.

The argument of Mr. Woodward—if argument it can be called—in support of such a singular, unreasonable, and unphilosophical hypothesis was based entirely upon the literal rendering and application of certain statements found in the Bible. He did not seek to prove the authenticity or authority of the Book or its teachings, but simply assumed their correctness and their supreme authority. He used the Bible narratives to prove their own correctness and reliability. He claimed the literal resurrection into physical life of the human body of Jesus whom he denominates the Christ of the human faith necessary to individual man. And he says—and in that we are forced to agree with him—that if the Bible does not teach the bodily resurrection of Christ (Jesus), it teaches nothing.

Yes, but is the teaching wise and true in the light of this age? The same Book teaches that the world was created in six solar days, and makes one of the days count before the creator had placed the sun in position and set the planets, the earth included, spinning around it. It teaches that the sun stood still in the heavens, so that the marks on the dial went back twenty-four degrees at the command of a man who hadn't time to kill as many of his fellow men as the murderer in his heart required in order to be appeased.—Well, it teaches a great many things which the enlightened intelligences of this age can not receive without falsifying their own natures, and committing perjury by confessing belief.

The belief in the resurrection narrative, as defined by Mr. Woodward, is as unnatural, unphilosophical, and unreasonable as the belief in a virgin giving birth to a son, without a parent, and continuing her virginity. The whole strange story, requiring the full credence of an intelligent mind and heart to secure for that mind and heart an immortal existence and without which credence it must be blotted out of existence forever, is of a piece. There is a better, clearer, more natural, and spiritual exposition of biblical teachings in harmony with modern science and philosophy, but creedists and dogmatists of the Woodward school are not yet sufficiently emancipated from their superstitious reverence for the old to accept it. There are truths in the Bible because they find corroboration in history, but they are not truths simply because the Book says they are.

Mr. Cross confuted his reply to simply taking the Bible narratives, just as they appear, and forcing Mr. Woodward to face and acknowledge them. Any intelligent Spiritualist knows that Mr. Cross had an easy time in placing his reverend brother *hors de combat*. As the recitation of the visits of celestials was continued from the angel visitations to Abraham and Lot, down through the ages to Mount Tabor and its immortal seance, and further to the release of Peter from his prison by an angel hand and force, and showing that like events were duplicated and hundred-folded to-day, the good Advent brother, with all his nature poisoned by superstition, could only reply that "evil spirits" did the work, and that Spiritualism is of the devil.

He must then believe in the immortality of the devil as a spirit; that he can communicate with and act devilishly in earth, while the good, the loving, the pure, with souls filled with a true humanitarianism, are forbidden to combat this old prince of evil spirits upon the plane of his battles and victories, to wit, the earth.

The victory of Brother Cross was an easy one as judged by the intelligent who listened.

Written for The Better Way
AFFIRMATIONS OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.
A. BEMIS.

As the needle turns to the pole, or as plants grow towards the light; so the weary feet of man have followed the banks of the great rivers, in all his struggles, toil, and history. By the ever flowing streams he has lived his brief day, felt the sting of pain, thrill of pleasure, the cold touch of death, and then gone home to the secret of the universe. On the banks of the large rivers he has built his cities and monuments, as the child sets up its toys to topple and fall by the touch of time. In his primitive age some clung to the banks of the Nile, leaving behind them monuments of stone, so stupendous they yet remain, a wonder in our modern times.

The nomads of Israel no doubt felt a peculiar delight in wandering along the banks of the sluggish Jordan. But the Tigris and the Euphrates, the two largest rivers of Western Asia, and the district enclosed between them, furnished, in the olden time, one of the most remarkable centers of human activity. There successive kingdoms have arisen and fallen,—their kings have climbed to thrones wet with blood, and then thrones and kings have gone into silence and forgetfulness.—There great cities have been builded, and there they have also gone out in darkness and in night. On the banks of the Euphrates once stood the mighty city Babylon. It was the seat of empire—proud queen looking in defiant pride afar over the plains of Shinar. Around its walls and towers the storms of battle had often beat and for many centuries its history had been one of alternate lights and shadows. About 600 B.C. Babylon was in her zenith. She had never before known such splendor, and never saw it again. Then one Nebuchadnezzar was king. He seems to have devoted all the energy of his reign to the improvement of the city. He walled the banks of the Euphrates, builded cathedrals, towers, canals, immense walls, and for his Median wife, hanging gardens, classed among the wonders of the world. He also among other conquests laid siege to Jerusalem and captured it. This was the second great humiliation of ancient Israel.

From the Israelites whom he had subjugated, he selected a few young men of the best blood and ordered them to Babylon that they might be taught in the learning of the Chaldeans. Among them was one Daniel, the hero of this article. The king ordered them to be fed from the same meat he eat, and that they

should drink the same wine. Daniel refused, as he was not only a remarkable medium, but also a vegetarian and practical prohibitionist. The king's efforts to educate Daniel were abortive. He possessed a mediumistic power which always, when properly used, brings a larger education than the schools can give. In addition to visions and trances, Daniel possessed the rare gift of interpretation of dreams.

Nebuchadnezzar with all his wealth and power was unhappy. He was troubled with strange dreams. It is not improbable that spirits took this means to reach him in the slumbers of the night. They have no more regard for the down and damask of a kingly couch, than for the hard cot and pillow of a peasant. Unfortunately when the king awoke the dreams were indistinct and this greatly troubled him. He called on his astrologers but they found no sign or planet in the horoscopes they cast, which could bring back again a half-remembered dream.

In his extremity he called in Daniel who, by his clairvoyant and mediumistic power, reproduced his dream and gave him the interpretation. (Daniel, 1st and 2nd Chap.) This was the beginning of Daniel's mediumistic career in Babylon, and we shall hear from him again later on.

Nature has decreed that no head shall long wear a kingly crown. The monarch and his humblest subject are alike born to die. Nebuchadnezzar with all his faults and his virtues, which, I am impressed, were far greater than the kings of his age, at last yields his crown to the universal conqueror of men and empires. His unworthy and profigate son succeeded him to the throne and after two years of weak and evil reign was murdered. The kingdom then passed to his brother-in-law and rapidly changed hands until the city of Babylon was left in charge of Belshazzar, an idle, dissolute grandson, while his father the king was probably a prisoner, or fighting the enemy in the field. Under profigate rule the empire began to show signs of decay. Moreover a storm cloud had already gathered over Babylon. The magnitude of which she did not dream. It was only waiting the opportune moment, when its giant thunderbolts might rend the empire to its foundation. Behind this fearful cloud was hid the face of Cyrus the Persian waiting to leap like a tiger upon his prey and establish the Medo-Persian supremacy.

The spirit of Babylon's departed king saw all this and he watched with mournful interest the curtain so soon to fall over the empire. The medium Daniel had revealed it all to him long years before he left the mortal, in the interpretation of his dreams.

Belshazzar was too sensual and ignorant to feel the impress of disembodied beings. He ordered a great feast—a

carnival of sin and pleasure—and when the appointed night came, Babylon was lit with a splendor it had never known before. The lights from its myriad lamps fell in shining spangles on the waters of the Euphrates—from the high towers they darted like winged messengers afar over the plains.—The hundred gates of Babus glistened in their glare while through the hanging gardens, already neglected, they shone out like gloomy spectres calling up to the watching spirit of the departed king the love for which he builded them. In the palace hall music broke forth in voluptuous appeal. The dying feet of the dancers trip like fairies through the frescoed hall. Now comesthe sparkling wine and upon its foaming goblets the demons of lust chatter and smile. The feet of the dauncers grow heavy, and the eyes of the young prince droop in sluggish delirium. He rallies, and orders from the treasure-house of the gods the sacred vessels his grandfather had brought from weeping Israel and kept with care. They fill them to the brim and again drink,—the night is drooping into the gray arms of the morning. Look! Look! Hundreds of bleared eyes turn to the walls of the palace. Well they might look! There is a materialized hand, writing on the wall! The music stops! The goblets drop! The prince and all the women tremble with fear. He recovers his senses enough to call for the astrologers, but no sign of the zodiac can explain such a phenomenon as this. Call in the queen-mother. She comes and looks with mingled pity and contempt at her dissolute son. He entreats her to aid him, to which the good woman replies: "Call in Daniel. He was the medium your grandfather consulted in times of trouble." The door opens and Daniel enters. He does not appear as in those early days when he first refused the king's meat and wine. His hair is bleaching for death's harvest, his Israelitish face is furrowed, and his shoulders droop. Daniel stands by Belshazzar and looks calmly at the wall and then at the trembling company. There was nothing about it to terrify. He had seen visions, interpreted dreams, talked with spirits, and they had long ago told him haughty Babylon must bite the dust. He reads with slow and measured word, "*Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin Peres*,—God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it; Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting; Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians."

The morning dawns over the city but "Babylon has fallen." Her sun has set. The spirit of her noblest and wisest king has watched its fall and warned his unworthy posterity of their doom. But Daniel's prophecies are not all fulfilled. The Medo-Persian empire can not last. (What kingdom can last?) It, too, must go down and then the Macedonian plays its part in the bloody drama of history. Nor does Daniel stop here. In his spiritual illumination he sees in the dim distance, Rome enthroned on her seven hills, the mistress of a world. But Rome has also had her brief day and disappeared from the stage. His predictions have been in a general sense fulfilled. We can but place Daniel the Israelite among the psychics who all along the path of history have left traces of their mediumism and helped part the thin veil, which hides the spiritual from our view. In his spiritualistic experience we have another evidence the dead do not forget their country, empire, or nation. Disembodied patriots have a deep and abiding interest in their native land.

As Nebuchadnezzar loved the city he had adorned, and the empire he had guided, so our ardent patriots watch over the ship of State when rocked by storms and billows, and hold high above the foaming crest, beacon lights to guide it to a peaceful harbor.

IS IT "UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRAL-TION?"
BY THE EDITORS.

The Rev. De Witt C. Talmage, the Baptist clergyman who coruscates in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, N. Y., and who sells his sermons stereotyped in column blocks for the weekly papers throughout the country, in his passion for sensation ignores consistency entirely.

Judged by his published utterances he "is everything by turns and nothing long." He is intensely creedal; a Calvinist; a substitutionist; a worshipper of the faith condition; an advocate of works to form character and secure eternal life; a liberal; a bigot; an opposer of Spiritualism; a teacher of Spiritualistic doctrines and philosophy; a theological wriggling "Virginia fence"; a Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde; and a wholesale dealer in pulpit and platform pyrotechnics.

He has imitated his clerical, orthodox, brother, Rev. Joseph Cook, in confessing and denying, and teaching and abusing Spiritualism. In a recent memorial sermon delivered in his tabernacle, it suited his theme to preach unadulterated Spiritualism, and he did it. The editor of Hall's *Journal of Health* pronounces it, in headlines, "Spiritualism pure and simple," and adds, "Had this noted divine confessed to the light which comes with the gift of much despised Spiritualism, he could not have done better." Read and see if he has not "confessed."

"I do not care which garland you put over the northern grave and which over the southern grave. Does any one say: 'What is the use? None of them will know it.' Your decoration days both sides Mason and Dixon's line are a great waste of flowers." Ah! I see you have carried too far my idea that praise for the living is better than praise for the departed. Who says that the dead do not know of the flowers? I think they do. The dead are not dead. The body sleeps, but the soul lives and is unbound. No two cities on earth are in such rapid and constant communication as earth and heaven, and the two great decoration days of north and south are better known in realms celestial than terrestrial. With what interest we visit the place of our birth and of our boyhood or girlhood days! And have the departed no interest in this world where they were born and reared, and where they suffered and triumphed? My Bible does not positively say so, nor does my catechism teach it, but my common-sense declares it. The departed do know, and the banded processions that marched the earth yesterday to northern graves, and the bannered processions that marched a month ago to southern graves, were accompanied by two grander though invisible processions that walked the air, processions of the ascended, processions of the martyred, processions of the sainted; and they heard the anthems of the churches and the salvo of the batteries, and they stooped down to breathe the incense of the flowers. These august throngs gathered this morning in these pews and aisles and corridors and galleries are insignificant compared with the mightier throngs of heaven who mingle in this service which we render to God and our country while we twist the two garlands. Hail spirits multitudinous! Hail spirits blest! Hail martyred ones, come down from the king's palaces! How glad we are that you have come back again. Take this kiss of welcome and these garlands of remembrance, ye who languished in hospitals or went down under the thunders and lightnings of Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor and Murfreesboro and Corinth and Yorktown and above the clouds on Lookout Mountain.

THE STORY OF "OLD IRON-SIDES."

One of the five magnificent frigates built in 1798, during the war with France, namely, the Constitution, is still in existence and in good condition. Its timbers have been renewed at different times, and its equipment greatly modi-

AFFIRMATIONS OF PHILOSOPHY
THE BETTER WAY.

THE INFLUENCE OF WEATHER WHERE IS THE SPIRIT WORLD?

By learning what we have in the last forty years of the condition of those who have left the body, knowing that they can at times revisit us, and that their spirit world is closely allied to our own, what conclusion do we inevitably reach? Is it not reasonable, and in perfect harmony with astronomical science, that the spirit world of each planet, envelope it, and extends out into the etherial space, and ever accompanies it in its stupendous journey around the sun? In accordance with this teaching of our spirit friend, each inhabitant begins existence on its own globe, has his own physical experience there, in time leaves the body, and enters the spirit world contiguous to his own globe. There he finds those he used to know. For a period he remains in the border land between the physical world and the spirit world. As he progresses, he becomes more freed from physical conditions, and passes further on in his own spirit world.

Where is the spirit world of the earth? Is the physical earth itself a part of the spirit world? Most certainly. The proof of this lies in the fact that we are spirits, though our spirits are yet confined in the fleshly covering. Being rapt in flesh we are heavier than the air, and are held down to the surface of the earth by a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch.

By-and-by, when we are born the second time, our spiritual body will be born out of this physical body. That spiritual body is lighter than the air, though it has its own etherial substance. Being freed from the heavy flesh body, it will walk on the air, and naturally ascend to the regions beyond the dense atmosphere which is now our vital breath. We shall feel natural there. We shall feel alive. And when we become used to the means of locomotion, and to the mode of living, we shall find ourselves far better off than while we were going through our physical experience here.

Do you think we shall forget our friends who will be still down on the earth? Indeed we shall not forget them. We shall learn the laws by which we can reach them, and communicate to them the blessed truth that none of us will ever die. We shall help them all we can, and prepare a home for them when they, too, will, in their turn, drop the conditions of physical life, and enter the beautiful spirit world which envelops what we shall always remember as our dear Mother Earth.—MISS ABBY A. JORDON.

AMONG THE STARS.

It is generally thought by astronomers to-day that all the celestial phenomena within reach of human vision belong to a single great system; but it is not yet possible to say just what the controlling order in the motions of the stars composing the visible universe is. Observation shows that all the stars are in motion, but with varying velocities, and in all possible directions. In the same quarter of the sky, and even in comparatively crowded aggregations of stars, some are found to be moving in one direction and some in another. In the case of the well-known figure of the Great Dipper, for instance, the motions of the stars are such that in the course of some thousand of years that figure will cease to be remarked in the sky. Many of its stars will have separated, going in several directions, although some of them will continue to keep company, as their journey lies the same way in space. So, too, some of the stars are approaching us and some are receding from us. The spectroscope, aided by photography, enables astronomers to measure the velocity of these stars that are either coming nearer to us or passing further from us, with an accuracy that takes account of a single mile per second. The sun is not exempt from this universal law of motion. It is speeding at the rate of several hundred millions of miles in a year toward a point in the northern heavens situated not far from the brilliant star Vega, a sun that is vastly more luminous than our own. So we on the earth are not travelling as most persons imagine, in a beaten track around the sun year after year, but the earth follows the sun in its northward-pointed course, and, consequently, sweeps onward in vast spirals around the moving sun, so that we are continually borne into new regions of space.—*New York Sun*.

Let "Change" bets be like turf bets, or other bets, legally invalid. Let the broker who facilitates the commercial gambling have no legal recourse against the gambler's estate in the event of his bet resulting in a loss. Men with money to invest would find no increased difficulty in investing it, but rather an open market cleared from economic highwaymen. Men with *bona fide* cargoes, stocks, or shares to sell would meet with *bona fide* buyers. Men without a coin would find greater difficulty in conjuring a coin out of his neighbor's pocket, and, on the lowest estimate of the new position, a man possessed of a coin could still bet that coin if he chose. Abolish "settling day," and so oblige stockbrokers to deal in ready money like "bookmakers" and publicans. The proposal is doubtless startling, for the abuse which it strikes at is very great.—Correspondent London *National Journal*.

Macrocystis, a seaweed of the South Pacific, it is said often grows to be 20 to 30 inches in diameter and 1,500 to 2,000 feet in length. In no case do any of these have roots in the proper sense, their nourishment being absorbed from the water by all parts alike.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

The sorrowful chastenings of earth open the doors of the heavenly life to the soul-loving spiritual things.

Many who are accounted Spiritualists, fail to disclose any knowledge of the primary meaning of the term.

HYPNOTISM AND MENTAL SUGGESTION.

Under this caption *The Times*, of Boston, Mass., for July contains an interesting article, citing cases of patients under hypnotic treatment and their ultimate cure, some of whose lives were despaired of and who could not have been successfully banished except under the influence of a hypnotist.

In his article Mr. Flower writes: "Dr. Hamilton Osgood related to me many instances where extra-physical cures have followed positive suggestion made to the patient when in a perfectly normal condition. As a rule, however, far more can be accomplished after the patient has been thrown into the hypnotic sleep, and it is this phenomenon and the results attending the same, which I personally witnessed some few weeks since, at the Home of Incurables, in the beautiful suburban town of Ashmont."

"During this visit Dr. Osgood hypnotized twelve patients. In each instance the experiment proved completely successful. In many cases the patient yielded readily to the doctor's suggestion; in others it required a few moments to bring the invalid's will entirely under the domination of the physician's will. To me there was something thrilling, startling, and terrible in this spectacle of a human mind instantly yielding to a will more royal than his own, becoming a willing vassal, with ears attuned to no voice save the regal master whose slightest wish becomes absolute law."

The following case tells its own story. "We next visited a patient who was, in some respects, the most remarkable subject that I have ever seen. This man was suffering great pain from a horrible sore on the hip. He amused himself by mounting horns and making other ornaments. We met him when we first went into the hospital. He was busily at work, but complained of suffering greatly from his hip. The doctor requested him to undress, and be ready by the time he returned in about a quarter of an hour, so he could dress the hip. We found the man ready. He had been hypnotized before, and had proved a remarkably fine subject. Dr. Osgood stood beside the patient, who was then lying in one of the beds in a ward screened from the other inmates. 'James,' said he, looking him steadfastly in the eye, 'Six.' Almost instantly the man was in a profound cataleptic slumber, as absolutely unconscious of everything, save the physician's voice, as if he were completely under the influence of ether. The doctor said, 'Your right arm is rigid now, James.' The arm at once became perfectly rigid. 'Raise your right arm.' The arm was raised. 'Your arm is rigid; you can not lower it.' The arm remained stationary. 'Mr. Flower can not lower it,' said the doctor. I endeavored to do so, but found it was perfectly rigid. I am convinced that it would have been necessary to break it or unjoint some bone in order to have pressed it down. 'You can lower your hand now.' The hand came down, and soon to all appearances the arm was like the rest of the body, in an apparently normal condition, although entirely insensitive to pain. 'You are now dreaming,' said the doctor, 'that you are stroking a beautiful little kitten.' Scarcey had the words passed from his mouth, when the hand slowly made a motion as if stroking something. 'Do you hear that music?' said the doctor. 'No,' came a low response. 'Why, a band is coming; don't you hear it?' 'No!' Well, we will wait until it gets a little nearer. Now it is passing the house; now you hear it, do you not?' 'Yes,' and a beautiful smile stole over the face which remained until he awakened. Evidently the sleeper was revelling in the music or living in a delightful dream. Turning to the nurse, the doctor said, 'We will now dress the sore.' It was a large, deep, and ugly looking place in the hip, which had been lanced to the bone. The dressing of the wound was held in place by large strips of surgeon's adhesive plaster. The doctor took hold of one of these strips, and with a quick movement tore the entire outside dressing off. Had the man been conscious, this would have proved terribly painful; but as it was, he seemed lost in a delightful dream, as his face continued to wear the smile of that perfect felicity only found in happy sleep. There was no movement of the body, no twitching of the muscles any more than there would have been had he been dead. The doctor then cleansed the wound, which in the normal condition would have been exceedingly painful, after which, in a hurried though skillful manner, he packed nearly a yard of iodiform gauze, cut about an inch in width, into the sore, packing it somewhat as a dentist would pack the gold leaf in a tooth. During all this time the patient was evidently enjoying himself immensely, if the facial expression indicated the condition of his mind. 'Were he not in this profound cataleptic condition, the doctor explained, 'it would take me over half an hour to dress this wound, on account of the intense pain he would suffer. I could now cut off his leg,' he said, 'without his feeling the slightest sensation.' After the sore was dressed, he drew up the cover, seated himself beside the patient, and said, 'Now you may count ten; when you have counted six, you will awake.' Slowly and in a low

tone the patient began to count. When he reached six his eyes opened & stared expressionless suddenly raised from a deep slumber, was established. He continued to count. 'Why are you counting?' said the doctor. 'I don't know,' he replied, in a foolish, dazed manner. By that time he reached ten, and stopped. 'Do you remember anything?' 'No.' 'Yes you do.' 'No.' ' Didn't you dream anything?' 'I seemed to dream a good many things, but do not remember what they were.' 'Then?' ' Didn't you dream you heard something?' 'No.' 'Yes you did.' 'No.' 'Think again.' 'No.' 'Try now.' 'Think again.' The man seemed to be making a desperate effort to recollect; finally he said, as if digging up thoughts from the depths of his brain, 'I think I heard a band of music playing, but I am not sure.' 'Are you ready for your hip to be dressed?' 'Yes, doctor, but it is not pains me now.' 'The pain has all left, has it?' 'Yes, sir.'

Written for *The Better Way.*
SPIRIT-TELEGRAPHY.
MRS. R. L. LILLIE.

I have for sometime had in my possession notes concerning a case of spirit telegraphy, in which, I think, your readers will be interested.

It took place between two ladies, one a young lady resident of Boston, just entering womanhood and of cultured mind with a fine spiritual nature by inheritance. This lady has recently shown a wonderful development in a high phase of mediumship. The other lady in question is a resident of Lynn and has been a medium for many years. She is a teacher of spiritual science.

The latter made a call upon the mother of the young lady, and during which there were manifestations of a psychic character which led to an experiment in mental telegraphy. They agreed to make a trial the next day at quarter before nine in the morning. The lady in Lynn was to write one or more questions at home, and the young lady was,

at the same time, at her home to try to get impressions as to the number of questions and their nature, and to reply to them. Each was to send sealed what might be produced to a mutual friend, living in the locality where resided the young lady. I will write the questions and their answers in the order as the mutual friend found them on opening the two envelopes.

QUESTION. No. 1. To all and every spirit that can reach my own spirit, Shall I ever be able to accomplish that which I most desire?

ANSWER. The power to communicate directly through the ethers of thought essence is uncultivated in her at present, but we would say more can be done in that line than either of you are aware of the power lying dormant in both.

QUES. 2. Is it within my power to reach a high percent of occult?

ANS. Those laws in occult which you are faithfully following at present we would say are the elementary principles of a wondrous science and you have but stood on its threshold and read its doorplate. Your progression is sure.

QUES. 3. Shall I be able to hold my spirit in the truth of all demands?

ANS. Your power is of the spirit, not of the clay, therefore spiritual is the force upholding, sustaining, and leading you onward and through eternity.

The second and third questions and their answers are very direct and clear. The first would not appear so clear unless the reader is told that the power to communicate in this manner was (as she stated) what she greatly desired.

Such experiments are interesting and give us glimpses of the rare possibilities which are ours and which might be enjoyed to a far greater degree if all so desiring would do as did these ladies—make the trial.

SPIRITUAL SIGHT.

The *Review of Reviews* records the following well-authenticated cases of clairvoyance, written for its pages, by a lady of culture who calls herself a "psychic":

THE FIRST APPARITION.

I was eleven years old when I remember seeing my first apparition. I was staying with a friend. It was after ten o'clock at night, and I was going to bed. I simply saw an old man's figure, a man with a grey beard, and rather stooping shoulders, apparently coming into my room. I sprang up indignant, when it disappeared. After that, for some years I saw nothing definite. Once or twice I had impressions of a psychic nature, but I was anxious to have nothing to do with anything of the kind. It is my personal experience that one can make oneself entirely unresponsive in this matter and that psychic experiences do not force themselves on one against one's will. A passive attitude is at least necessary.

A WARNING DREAM.

After that I saw apparitions occasionally, but they made no deep impression upon my mind, and I did not wish for them. The first real vision was after I was married. I dreamed that I saw my husband on horseback. The first time I saw him he was simply struggling with the horse. I had an awful sense of impending danger. I awoke, trembling with terror. I awoke him, and told him there and then, "Some accident will happen to you if you go out to morrow on horseback, or with the horse at all." He

reached it as I slept. I slept with the light on, and the same dream, with all the sensations of horror intensified. Again I awoke trembling and told him. He continued to count. 'Why are you counting?' said the doctor. 'I don't know,' he replied, in a foolish, dazed manner. By that time he reached ten, and stopped. 'Do you remember anything?' 'No.' 'Yes you do.' 'No.' ' Didn't you dream anything?' 'I seemed to dream a good many things, but do not remember what they were.' 'Then?' ' Didn't you dream you heard something?' 'No.' 'Yes you did.' 'No.' 'Think again.' 'No.' 'Try now.' 'Think again.' The man seemed to be making a desperate effort to recollect; finally he said, as if digging up thoughts from the depths of his brain, 'I think I heard a band of music playing, but I am not sure.' 'Are you ready for your hip to be dressed?' 'Yes, doctor, but it is not pains me now.' 'The pain has all left, has it?' 'Yes, sir.'

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Written for The Better Way
AFFIRMATIONS OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

As the needle turns to the pole, or as plants grow towards the light, so the weary feet of man have followed the banks of the great rivers in all his struggles, toil, and history. By the ever flowing streams he has lived his brief day, felt the sting of pain, thrill of pleasure, the cold touch of death, and then gone home to the secret of the universe. On the banks of the large rivers he has built his cities and monuments, as the child sets up its toys to topple and fall by the touch of time. In his primitive age, some clung to the banks of the Nile, leaving behind them monuments of stone, so stupendous they yet remain, a wonder in our modern times.

The nomads of Israel no doubt felt a peculiar delight in wandering along the banks of the sluggish Jordan. But the Tigris and the Euphrates, the two largest rivers of Western Asia, and the district enclosed between them, furnished, in the olden time, one of the most remarkable centers of human activity. There successive kingdoms have arisen and fallen,—their kings have climbed to thrones wet with blood, and then thrones and kings have gone into silence and forgetfulness.—There great cities have been built, and there they have also gone out in darkness and in night. On the banks of the Euphrates once stood the mighty city Babylon. It was the seat of empire—a proud queen looking in defiant pride afar over the plains of Shinar. Around its walls and towers the storms of battle had often beat and for many centuries its history had been one of alternate lights and shadows. About 600 B.C. Babylon was in her zenith. She had never before known such splendor, and never saw it again. Then one Nebuchadnezzar was king. He seems to have devoted all the energy of his reign to the improvement of the city. He walled the banks of the Euphrates, built cathedrals, towers, canals, immense walls, and for his Median wife hanging gardens, classed among the wonders of the world. He also among other conquests laid siege to Jerusalem and captured it. This was the second great humiliation of ancient Israel.

From the Israelites whom he had subjugated, he selected a few young men of the best blood and ordered them to Babylon that they might be taught in the learning of the Chaldeans. Among them was one Daniel, the hero of this article. The king ordered them to be fed from the same meat he eat, and that they

would drink the same wine he drank. This Daniel refused, as he was not only a remarkable medium, but also a vegetarian and practical prohibitionist. The king's efforts to educate Daniel were abortive. He possessed a mediumistic power which always, when properly used, brings a larger education than the schools can give. In addition to visions and trances, Daniel possessed the rare gift of interpretation of dreams.

Nebuchadnezzar with all his wealth and power was unhappy. He was troubled with strange dreams. It is not improbable that spirits took this means to reach him in the slumbers of the night. They have no more regard for the down and damask of a kingly couch, than for the hard cot and pillow of a peasant. Unfortunately when the king awoke the dreams were indistinct and this greatly troubled him. He called on his astrologers but they found no sign or planet in the horoscopes they cast, which could bring back again a half-remembered dream.

In his extremity he called in Daniel who, by his clairvoyant and mediumistic power, reproduced his dream and gave him the interpretation. (Daniel, 1st and 2nd Chap.) This was the beginning of Daniel's mediumistic career in Babylon, and we shall hear from him again later on.

Nature has decreed that no head shall long wear a kingly crown. The monarch and his humblest subject are alike born to die. Nebuchadnezzar with all his faults and his virtues, which I am impressed, were far greater than the kings of his age, at last yields his crown to the universal conqueror of men and empires. His unworthy and profligate son succeeded him to the throne and after two years of weak and evil reign was murdered. The kingdom then passed to his brother-in-law and rapidly changed hands until the city of Babylon was left in charge of Belshazzar, an idle, dissolute grandson, while his father the king was probably a prisoner, or fighting the enemy in the field. Under profane rule the empire began to show signs of decay. Moreover a storm cloud had already gathered over Babylon. The magnitude of which she did not dream. It was only waiting the opportune moment, when its giant thunder-bolts might rend the empire to its foundation. Behind this fearful cloud was hid the face of Cyrus the Persian waiting to leap like a tiger upon his prey and establish the Medo-Persian supremacy.

The spirit of Babylon's departed king saw all this and he watched with mournful interest the curtain so soon to fall over the empire. The medium Daniel had revealed it all to him long years before he left the mortal, in the interpretation of his dreams.

Belshazzar was too sensual and ignorant to feel the impress of disembodied beings. He ordered a great feast—a

carnival of sin and pleasure, and when the appointed night came, Babylon was lit with a splendor it had never known before. The lights from its myriad lamps fell in shining spangles on the waters of the Euphrates—from the high towers they darted like winged messengers afar over the plains.—The hundred gates of brass glistered in their glare while through the hanging gardens, already neglected, they shone out like gloomy spectres calling up to the watching spirit of the departed king the love for which he builded them. In the palace hall, music breaks forth in voluptuous appeal. The flying feet of the dancers trip like fairies through the frescoed hall. Now comes the sparkling wine and upon its foaming goblets the demons of lust chatter and smile. The feet of the dancers grow heavy, and the eyes of the young prince drop in sluggish delirium. He rallies, and orders from the treasure house of the gods the sacred vessels his grandfather had brought from weeping Israel and kept with care. They fill them to the brim and again drink—the night is drooping into the gray arms of the morning. Look! Look! Hundreds of bleared eyes turn to the walls of the palace. Well they might look! There is a materialized hand, writing on the wall! The music stops! The goblets drop! The prince and all the women tremble with fear. He recovers his senses enough to call for the astrologers, but no sign of the zodiac can explain such a phenomenon as this. Call in the queen-mother. She comes and looks with mingled pity and contempt at her dissolute son. He entreats her to aid him, to which the good woman replies: "Call in Daniel. He was the medium your grandfather consulted in times of trouble." The door opens and Daniel enters. He does not appear as in those early days when he first refused the king's meat and wine. His hair is bleaching for death's harvest, his Israelite face is furrowed, and his shoulders droop. Daniel stands by Belshazzar and looks calmly at the wall and then at the trembling company. There was nothing about it to terrify. He had seen visions, interpreted dreams, talked with spirits, and they had long ago told him haughty Babylon must bite the dust. He reads with slow and measured word, "*Mene Mene, Tekel Upharsin Peres*,—God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it; Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting; Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians."

The morning dawns over the city but Babylon has fallen." Her sun has set. The spirit of her noblest and wisest king has watched its fall and warned his unworthy posterity of their doom. But Daniel's prophecies are not all fulfilled. The Medo-Persian empire can not last. (What kingdom can last?) It, too, must go down and then the Macedonian plays its part in the bloody drama of history. Nor does Daniel stop here. In his spiritual illumination he sees in the dim distance, Rome enthroned on her seven hills, the mistress of a world. But Rome has also had her brief day and disappeared from the stage. His predictions have been in a general sense fulfilled. We can but place Daniel the Israelite among the psychics who all along the path of history have left traces of their mediumism and helped part the thin veil, which hides the spiritual from our view. In his spiritualistic experience we have another evidence the dead do not forget their country, empire, or nation. Disembodied patriots have a deep and abiding interest in their native land.

As Nebuchadnezzar loved the city he had adorned, and the empire he had guided, so our arisen patriots watch over the ship of State when rocked by storms and billows, and hold high above the foaming crest, beacon lights to guide it to a peaceful harbor.

IS IT "UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION?"
BY THE EDITOR.

The Rev. Dr. Wilt C. Talmage, the Baptist clergyman who concurates in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, N. Y., and who sells his sermons stereotyped in column blocks for the weekly papers throughout the country, in his passion for sensation ignores consistency entirely.

Judged by his published utterances he "is everything by turns and nothing long." He is intensely creedal; a Calvinist; a substitutionist; a worshipper of the faith condition; an advocate of works to form character and secure eternal life; a liberal; a bigot; an opposer of Spiritualism; a teacher of Spiritualistic doctrines and philosophy; a theological wriggling "Virginia fence"; a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; and a wholesale dealer in pulpit and platform pyrotechnics.

He has imitated his clerical, orthodox, brother, Rev. Joseph Cook, in confessing and denying, and teaching and abusing Spiritualism. In a recent memorial sermon delivered in his tabernacle, it suited his theme to preach unadulterated Spiritualism, and he did it. The editor of *Hall's Journal of Health* pronounces it, in headlines, "Spiritualism pure and simple," and adds, "Had this noted divine confessed to the light which comes with the gift of much-despised Spiritualism, he could not have done better." Read and see if he has not "confessed."

"I do not care which garland you put over the northern grave and which over the southern grave. Does any one say 'What is the use?' None of them will know it. Your decoration does both sides. Masons and Masons are a great waste of flowers." Ah! I see you have carried too far my idea that praise for the living is better than praise for the departed. Who says that the dead do not know of the flowers? I think they do. The dead are not dead. The body sleeps, but the soul lives and is unbindered. No two cities on earth are in such rapid and constant communication as earth and heaven, and the two great decoration days of north and south are better known in realms celestial than terrestrial. With what interest we visit the place of our birth and of our boyhood or girlhood days! And have the departed no interest in this world where they were born and reared, and where they suffered and triumphed? My Bible does not positively say so, nor does my catechism teach it, but my common-sense declares it. The departed do know, and the banished processions that marched the earth yesterday to northern graves, and the banished processions that marched a month ago to southern graves, were accompanied by two grander though invisible processions that walked the air, processions of the ascended, processions of the martyred, processions of the sainted; and they heard the anthems of the churches and the salvo of the batteries, and they stooped down to breathe the incense of the flowers. These august throngs gathered this morning in these pews and aisle and corridors and galleries are insignificant compared with the mightier throngs of heaven who mingle in this service which we render to God and our country while we twist the two garlands. Hail spirits multitudinous! Hail spirits blessed! Hail martyred ones, come down from the king's palaces! How glad we are that you have come back again. Take this kiss of welcome and these garlands of remembrance, ye who languished in hospitals or went down under the thunders and lightnings of Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor and Murfreesboro and Corinth and Yorktown and above the clouds on Lookout Mountain.

THE STORY OF "OLD IRON-SIDES."

One of the five magnificent frigates built in 1798, during the war with France, namely, the Constitution, is still in existence and in good condition. Its timbers have been renewed at different times, and its equipment greatly modified, but its outward appearance is almost the same as ever. When built it was considered one of the finest ships of the American navy; but it would offer but a slight resistance to the attacks of a powerful modern ironclad like the Miawonow. The Constitution originally carried forty-four guns. A particularly interesting history is connected with this ship. During the war with the Barbary powers, in 1803, she was Commodore Preble's flag-ship in the Mediterranean, and played a conspicuous part during the whole year. Lieutenant Wadsworth, who was blown up before Tripoli in the ill-fated Intrepid, was one of the officers of the Constitution. In the course of the war with England in 1812, the English papers laughed at the Constitution, and spoke of her as "a bundle of pine boards, sailing under a bit of striped bunting." But when, under Captain Hull, she captured the English frigate the Guerriere, a vessel of nearly equal force, the people who had before ridiculed her called her "one of the stanchest vessels afloat." A few months after this victory, the Constitution, then commanded by Captain Bainbridge, compelled one of the finest frigates in the British navy, the Java, to strike its colors.

One of the most famous of her exploits was during the same war, when she escaped from Broke's squadron, among which she had accidentally fallen. The sea was almost a dead calm, so Captain Hull had to resort to towing. All her boats were lowered, with long lines attached, and in addition Hull had ropes spliced together to make a line half a mile long, to which he had attached a kedge anchor. This was carried in a boat half a mile ahead and dropped, when the crew hauled the ship rapidly forward. The commodore of the English squadron soon adopted the same tactics, and if it had not been for a breeze springing up the Constitution would have been captured. In 1830, it was proposed by the navy department to take her to pieces, for she was said to be unserviceable. But on account of her glorious achievements, people thought she should be preserved. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a young man of twenty-one, just graduated from Harvard university, wrote the famous patriotic poem, "Old Ironsides." This poem had such powerful influence on the public mind that the vessel was saved, and, as I have already said, is still in existence, though nearly a hundred years old.—*Harper's Young People*.

The sorrowful chastenings of earth open the doors of the heavenly life to the soul-loving spiritual things.

Many who are accounted Spiritualists, fail to disclose any knowledge of the primary meaning of the term.

AFFIRMATIONS OF PHILOSOPHY.
To the Editor of The Better Way.

I fully realize that in general the only claim any one can have to space in your columns is that he has a truth to offer or a superior method of presenting the truth. But as long as men continue to teach fallacies, criticisms must occasionally be in order. "Live upon live, except upon present, here a little, and there a little," seems to be the order of progress. I admit the spirit in which your correspondent, Mr. Bentis, writes—he is a student. May he be blessed with aspiration and industry, and he will certainly become wise. And may he cultivate a sensitiveness of soul, which will enable him to recognize truth, as I did.

But in *The Better Way* of June 18th he is sometimes obscure and apparently illogical. He says: "All things, including the material, proceed from the interior realm of the spiritual." What does the expression "all things" include beside the material? How can an "eternal cause" antedate anything else that is eternal? He says: "All things are necessarily and eternally, because of one absolute and unconditioned cause." We know, and can know of nothing in the universe which is unconditioned. Everything with its continual variations would be present before any life on this planet, and if it exerted this influence on living beings as above suggested, the question as to whether they turned it to a useful purpose or not would be of secondary consideration. To look briefly at the phenomena which take place when rain clouds are forming. The following seems roughly to be an outline of what is known. When condensation of vapor takes place aloft the tension on the outside of the cloud is greater than in the interior, and on its under surface opposite the earth than the upper. This tends to slowly gain its equilibrium by a minute fraction of the interior electricity being at once conveyed to the surface, the further communication being delayed until the outer tension is relieved, either by slow dissipation or by self-discharge. When thousands of these electrifying globules again further coalesce into raindrops a great and sudden increase of tension at their surface takes place. This train of events would correspond pretty well to the mental phenomena which it is wished to ascribe to it. The greatest sense of dread precedes by a considerable time the actual fall of rain; this slowly passes off as the electrical equilibrium is gained, to be succeeded by a more acute sense of fear immediately before the fall of rain, and immediately relieved while it is falling. Those in robust health, whose mental equilibrium is not easily disturbed, probably experience no sensation that they take any account of. Those, on the other hand, of more nervous disposition, or in any way out of health, it is suggested, probably associate the sense of dread with other causes, thus increasing their mental distress, and so justifying the use of the term useless conscience. It is probable that it occurs to most of us at times to feel an intense dread of something without being able to give any physical explanation of the fact, and where there is just ground for alarm the useless conscience steps in and aggravates that which it professes to be anxious to cure. Considerable disturbances of circulation probably accompany the tension of atmosphere above mentioned. That the feet tend to grow cold before snow, and that the blood vessels relax when it falls, is probably recognized by most persons. Deafness is more pronounced in some patients before rain, and giddiness and dizziness are also aggravated by atmospheric tension. Some patients are made worse in electrical weather, and in them, of course, disturbance of circulation is a prominent feature. Sleeplessness, bad dreams, the headache following the second sleep are all so frequently followed by rain that it is impossible not to associate them as cause and effect. John Bunyan relates of himself that in early life he was one day playing cricket, when he felt an intense dread come over him. He looked up to heaven, and the whole game was delayed till he had determined whether to go on playing. If he had observed the subsequent phenomena, he would probably have found that his sense of fear was followed at a longer or shorter interval by a shower of rain, and that it was the electrical tension which preceded it which produced his thoughts. It is interesting to note that during the time rain is falling the condition of atmospheric electricity is changed from negative to positive, this being due to the friction of the falling globules.

Macrocystis, a seaweed of the South Pacific, it is said often grows to be 20 to 30 inches in diameter and 1,500 to 2,000 feet in length. In no case do any of these have roots in the proper sense, their nourishment being absorbed from the water by all parts alike.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE INFLUENCE OF WEATHER WHERE IS THE SPIRIT WORLD?

ON MIND.

By learning what we have in the last forty years of the condition of those who have left the body, knowing that they can at times revisit us, and that their spirit world is closely allied to our own, what conclusion do we inevitably reach? Is it not reasonable, and in perfect harmony with astronomical science, that the spirit world of each plant, envelope it, and extends away out into the ethereal space, and ever accompanies it in its peregrinations around the sun? In accordance with this teaching of ours, though our spirits are yet confined in the fleshly covering, being nupt in flesh we are heavier than the air, and are held down to the surface of the earth by a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch.

Where is the spirit world of the earth? Is the physical earth itself a part of the spirit world? Most certainly. The proof of this lies in the fact that we are spirit, though our spirits are yet confined in the fleshly covering. Being nupt in flesh we are heavier than the air, and are held down to the surface of the earth by the pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch.

By and by, when we are born the next time, our spiritual body will be born out of this physical body. That spiritual body is lighter than the air, though it has its own ethereal substance. It will free itself from the heavy flesh body, will walk on the air, and naturally ascend to the regions beyond the dense atmosphere which is now our vital breath. We shall feel natural there. We shall feel alive. And when we become used to the means of locomotion, and to the mode of living, we shall find ourselves far better off than while we were going through our physical experience here.

Do you think we shall forget our friends who will be still down on the earth? Indeed we shall not forget them. We shall learn the laws by which we can reach them, and communicate to them the blessed truth that none of us will ever die. We shall help them all we can, and prepare a home for them when they, too, will, in their turn, drop the conditions of physical life, and enter the beautiful spirit world which envelops what we shall always remember as our dear Mother Earth. —Miss ANNIE A. JUBSON.

AMONG THE STARS.

It is generally thought by astronomers to-day that all the celestial phenomena within reach of human vision belong to a single great system; but it is not yet possible to say just what the controlling order in the motions of the stars composing the visible universe is. Observation shows that all the stars are in motion, but with varying velocities, and in all possible directions. In the same quarter of the sky, and even in comparatively crowded aggregations of stars, some are found to be moving in one direction and some in another. In the case of the well-known figure of the Great Dipper, for instance, the motions of the stars are such that in the course of some thousand years that figure will cease to be remarked in the sky. Many of its stars will have separated, going in several directions, although some of them will continue to keep company, as their journey lies the same way in space. So, too, some of the stars are approaching us and some are receding from us. The spectroscope, aided by photography, enables astronomers to measure the velocity of these stars that are either coming nearer to us or passing further from us, with an accuracy that takes account of a single mile per second. The sun is not exempt from this universal law of motion. It is speeding at the rate of several hundred millions of miles in a year toward a point in the northern heavens situated not far from the brilliant star Vega, a sun that is vastly more luminous than our own. So we on the earth are not travelling as most persons imagine, in a beaten track around the sun year after year, but the earth follows the sun in its northward-pointed course, and consequently sweeps onward in vast spirals around the moving sun, so that we are continually borne into new regions of space.—*New York Sun*.

Let "Change" bets be like turf bets, or other bets, legally invalid. Let the broker who facilitates the commercial gambling have no legal recourse against the gambler's estate in the event of his bet resulting in a loss. Men with money to invest would find no increased difficulty in investing it, but rather an open market cleared from economic highwaymen. Men with bona fide cargoes, stocks, or shares to sell would meet with bona fide buyers. Men without a coin would find greater difficulty in conjuring a coin out of his neighbor's pocket, and, on the lowest estimate of the new position, a man possessed of a coin could still bet that coin if he chose. Abolish "settling day," and so oblige stockbrokers to deal in ready money like "bookmakers" and publicans. The proposal is doubtless startling, for the abuse which it strikes at is very great.—*Correspondent London National Advertiser*.

Under present circumstances, however, the proposal is doubtless startling, for the abuse which it strikes at is very great.—*Correspondent London National Advertiser*.

HYPNOTISM AND MENTAL SUGGESTION.

• FLOWER

Under this caption *The Areas*, of Boston, Mass., for July contains an interesting article, citing cases of patients under hypnotic treatment and their ultimate cure, some of whose lives were despaired of and who could not have been successfully handled except under the influence of a hypnotiser.

In his article Mr. Flower writes: "Dr. Hamilton Osgood related to me many instances where extraordinary cures have followed positive suggestion made to the patient when in a perfectly normal condition. As a rule, however, far more can be accomplished after the patient has been thrown into the hypnotic sleep, and it is this phenomenon and the results attending the same, which I personally witnessed some few weeks since, at the Home of Incurables, in the beautiful suburban town of Ashmont."

"During this visit Dr. Osgood hypnotized twelve patients. In each instance the experiment proved completely successful. In many cases the patient yielded readily to the doctor's suggestion; in others it required a few moments to bring the invalid's will entirely under the domination of the physician's will. To me there was something thrilling, startling, and terrible in this spectacle of a human mind instantly yielding to a will more royal than his own, becoming a willing vassal, with ears attuned to no voice save the regal master whose slightest wish becomes absolute law."

The following case tells its own story:

"We next visited a patient who was, in some respects, the most remarkable subject that I have ever seen. This man was suffering great pain from a horrible sore on the hip. He amused himself by mounting horns and making other ornaments. We met him when we first went into the hospital. He was busily at work, but complained of suffering greatly from his hip. The doctor requested him to undress, and be ready by the time he returned in about a quarter of an hour, so he could dress the hip. We found the man ready. He had been hypnotized before, and had proved a remarkably fine subject. Dr. Osgood stood beside the patient, who was then lying in one of the beds in a ward screened from the other inmates. 'James,' said he, looking him steadfastly in the eye, 'Six.' Almost instantly the man was in a profound cataleptic slumber, as absolutely unconscious of everything, save the physician's voice, as if he were completely under the influence of ether. The doctor said, 'Your right arm is rigid now, James.' The arm at once became perfectly rigid. 'Raise your right arm!' The arm was raised. 'Your arm is rigid; you can not lower it.' The arm remained stationary. 'Mr. Flower can not lower it,' said the doctor. I endeavored to do so, but found it was perfectly rigid. I am convinced that it would have been necessary to break it or unjoint some bone in order to have pressed it down. 'You can lower your hand now.' The hand came down, and soon to all appearances the arm was like the rest of the body, in an apparently normal condition, although entirely insensible to pain. 'You are now dreaming,' said the doctor, 'that you are stroking a beautiful little kitten.' Scarcely had the words passed from his mouth, when the hand slowly made a motion as if stroking something. 'Do you hear that music?' said the doctor. 'No,' came a low response. 'Why, a band is coming; don't you hear it?' 'No!' Well, we will wait until it gets a little nearer. Now it is passing the house; now you hear it, do you not?' 'Yes,' and a beautiful smile stole over the face which remained until he awakened. Evidently the sleeper was revelling in the music or living in a delightful dream. Turning to the nurse, the doctor said, 'We will now dress the sore.' It was a large, deep, and ugly looking place in the hip, which had been lanced to the bone. The dressing of the wound was held in place by large strips of surgeon's adhesive plaster. The doctor took hold of one of these strips, and with a quick movement tore the entire outside dressing off. Had the man been conscious, this would have proved terribly painful; but as it was, he seemed lost in a delightful dream, as his face continued to wear the smile of that perfect felicity only found in happy sleep. There was no movement of the body, no twitching of the muscles any more than there would have been had he been dead. The doctor then cleansed the wound, which in the normal condition would have been exceedingly painful, after which, in a hurried though skilful manner, he packed nearly a yard of iodoflorum gauze, cut about an inch in width into the sore, packing it somewhat as a dentist would pack the gold leaf in a tooth. During all this time the patient was evidently enjoying himself immensely, if the facial expression indicated the condition of his mind. 'Were he not in this profound cataleptic condition,' the doctor explained, 'it would take me over half an hour to dress this wound, on account of the intense pain he would suffer. I could now cut off his leg,' he said, 'without his feeling the slightest sensation.' After the sore was dressed, he drew up the cover, seated himself beside the patient, and said, 'Now you may count ten; when you have counted six, you will awake.' Slowly and in a low

tone the patient began to count. When he reached six his eyes opened. A dazed expression, as one suddenly roused from a deep slumber, was exhibited. He continued to count. 'Why are you counting?' said the doctor. 'I don't know,' he replied, in a foolish, abashed manner. By that time he reached ten, and stopped. 'Do you remember anything?' 'No.' 'Yes you do.' 'No.' 'Didn't you dream anything?' 'I seemed to dream a good many things, but do not remember what they were.' 'Think! Didn't you dream you heard anything?' 'No.' 'Yes you did.' 'No.' 'Think again.' 'No.' 'Try now.' Think again.' The man seemed to be making a desperate effort to recollect, finally he said, as if digging up thoughts from the depths of his brain, 'I think I heard a band of music playing, but I am not sure.' 'Are you ready for your hip to be dressed?' 'Yes, doctor, but it is not paining me now.' 'The pain has all left, has it?' 'Yes, sir.'

Written for *The Better Way*.

SPIRIT-TELEGRAPHY.

MRS. R. S. LILLIE

I have for sometime had in my possession notes concerning a case of spirit telegraphy, in which, I think, your readers will be interested.

It took place between two ladies, one a young lady resident of Boston, just entering womanhood and of cultured mind with a fine spiritual nature by inheritance. This lady has recently shown a wonderful development in a high phase of mediumship. The other lady in question is a resident of Lynn and has been a medium for many years. She is a teacher of spiritual science.

The latter made a call upon the mother of the young lady, and during which there were manifestations of a psychic character which led to an experiment in mental telegraphy. They agreed to make a trial the next day at quarter before nine in the morning. The lady in Lynn was to write one or more questions at home, and the young lady was, at the same time, at her home to try to get impressions as to the number of questions and their nature, and to reply to them. Each was to send sealed what might be produced to a mutual friend, living in the locality where resided the young lady. I will write the questions and their answers in the order as the mutual friend found them on opening the two envelopes.

QUESTION. No 1. To all and every spirit that can reach my own spirit. Shall I ever be able to accomplish that which I most desire?

ANSWER. The power to communicate directly through the ethers of thought essence is uncultivated in her at present, but we would say more can be done in that line than either of you are aware of, the power lying dormant in both.

QUES. 2. Is it within my power to reach a high percent of occult?

ANS. Those laws in occult which you are faithfully following at present we would say are the elementary principles of a wondrous science and you have but stood on its threshold and read its doorplate. Your progression is sure.

QUES. 3. Shall I be able to hold my spirit in the truth of all demands?

ANS. Your power is of the spirit, not of the clay, therefore spiritual is the force upholding, sustaining, and leading you onward and through eternity.

The second and third questions and their answers are very direct and clear. The first would not appear so clear unless the reader is told that the power to communicate in this manner was (as she stated) what she so greatly desired.

Such experiments are interesting and give us glimpses of the rare possibilities which are ours and which might be enjoyed to a far greater degree if all so desiring would do as did these ladies—make the trial.

SPIRITUAL SIGHT.

The Review of Reviews records the following well-authenticated cases of clairvoyance, written for its pages, by a lady of culture who calls herself a "psychic":

THE FIRST APPARITION.

I was eleven years old when I remember seeing my first apparition. I was staying with a friend. It was after ten o'clock at night, and I was going to bed. I simply saw an old man's figure, a man with a grey beard, and rather stooping shoulders, apparently coming into my room. I sprang up indignant, when it disappeared. After that, for some years, I saw nothing definite. Once or twice I had impressions of a psychic nature, but I was anxious to have nothing to do with anything of the kind. It is my personal experience that one can make oneself entirely unresponsive in this matter, and that psychic experiences do not force themselves on one against one's will. A passive attitude is at least necessary.

A WARNING DREAM.

After that I saw apparitions occasionally, but they made no deep impression upon my mind, and I did not wish for them. The first real vision was after I was married. I dreamed that I saw my husband on horseback. The first time I saw him he was simply struggling with the horse. I had an awful sense of impending danger. I awoke him, and told him there and then, "Some accident will happen to you if you go out tomorrow in horseback, or with the horse at all." He

treated it as nonsense. I slept again. When he reached six his eyes opened. A dazed expression, as one suddenly roused from a deep slumber, was exhibited. He continued to count. 'Why are you counting?' said the doctor. 'I don't know,' he replied, in a foolish, abashed manner. By that time he reached ten, and stopped. 'Do you remember anything?' 'No.' 'Yes you do.' 'No.' 'Didn't you dream anything?' 'I seemed to dream a good many things, but do not remember what they were.' 'Think! Didn't you dream you heard anything?' 'No.' 'Yes you did.' 'No.' 'Think again.' 'No.' 'Try now.' Think again.' The man seemed to be making a desperate effort to recollect, finally he said, as if digging up thoughts from the depths of his brain, 'I think I heard a band of music playing, but I am not sure.' 'Are you ready for your hip to be dressed?' 'Yes, doctor, but it is not paining me now.' 'The pain has all left, has it?' 'Yes, sir.'

A CURIOUS DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

I had a very curious experience recently. I was at Communion, and between the bread and wine I had a vision of a friend. I was much interested in my friend's welfare, and I saw the unfolding, as it were, of the whole course of circumstances through which she was passing. Time, and the limitations of time, do not exist in those states. A moment of time, as we reckon it, may seem a whole eternity, and the duration of my vision bore no relation whatever to the actual moment of time which it occupied. I was having the same dual-consciousness. My seeing self was watching my friend's affairs, and feeling, come what will, I must see this to the end. My other self was feeling that the wine was about to be presented in a moment, and that I might be unable to grasp the cup. I saw the vision, however, to the end, and saw my friend in death. As the vision passed, I was able to take the wine as I had taken the bread.

"I have frequently seen phantasms both of the living and of the dead. Those of the living are exactly like the living. If I saw you, I should see you exactly as you are yourself, as any one would be able to see you. But the dead are otherwise. I always feel a sense of inferiority to the dead which I do not have in the presence of the phantasms of the living.

RECOGNIZING THE APPARITION OF THE DEAD.

A short time ago I was asleep, when I was awakened by a figure bending over me. I was ill, and did not want to be troubled with such an experience, and resolutely turned away from the figure, who went away. The next night I was awakened again, and saw the same appearance—a lady dressed in grey. I could not see the face, as there was no light in the room. Again I turned away, and she went, nor did she return again. Some days afterwards they gave me a letter, and asked me if I would object to hold it in my hands and tell them what I saw. I held it up in my hand for a minute. I felt that it was from some one who was dead. As I was holding the paper in my hand, I was conscious of a cold hand which grasped my wrist. It was cold, and, afterwards, warmed to my hand, which it held tightly. At the same time a cold breath came like slight wind and moved my dress. The movements of the dress were discernible to those who were in the room. Then the invisible hand raised my hand above my head and then let go. Some days afterwards I looked in the crystal, and there I saw a face. As soon as I saw it, I felt, and said, "That is the lady who came to see me at night, who grasped my hand, and whose letter I had the other day." Her sister said, "Will you describe her?" I described her, and she said my description accurately corresponded with that of her sister. We tried another test. A number of photos of women of various ages were procured. I turned them over, and picked out without hesitation the portrait of Miss M., but it was one which was taken twenty years before her death. Her hair was quite grey at death. The portrait which I picked out was that of a woman about thirty. I said: "This portrait is an older one than Miss M., as I saw her in the crystal. She was in the prime of youth. Yet this lady was a grey-haired woman of fifty when she died." I had never seen her in life, nor did she have any reason for appearing to me unless it might have been as a means of comforting her sister, who always mourned her loss. This experience was most pleasant, as I felt conscious of a kind and sympathetic personality all through it.

WAS IT A GHOST?

On Saturday night, March 26th, a Connecticut woman was en route to New York by way of a railroad train due at the Grand Central Depot at 7:30 o'clock. Her husband was with her, but he sat near one of the lights reading, while she occupied a window-place in a seat with a stranger. She had been looking out of the window as the darkness grew, watching the lights and faces of the people in the car reflected in the opaque dusk, when suddenly she was startled by the appearance directly in front of the window of an apparition in marble, it seemed. It was the face and head of a venerable man, with a high forehead, flowing white hair, and a long beard. Unlike the faces of the other occupants of the car which were turned in the same direction with herself, this face looked at her from forward, so that it presented almost a square front. Something in

the light chilled and frightened her. Not daring to turn, she reached around and touched the woman at her side, to whom, before this, she had not spoken. "Look," she said earnestly, "look at that." Attracted by her manner, the stranger leaned forward and peered over her shoulder into the darkness outside. "I see nothing," she said, and as she spoke the face vanished. "Why didn't you see it as you turned?" the other asked eagerly. "A marble-white face like Longfellow's, only larger and with more hair and beard. Whose could it have been?" She turned and scanned the occupants of the seats near her, then got up and walked the length of the car, searching for the original, thinking she was the victim of some illusion of refraction. There was nobody in the car whose face in the least resembled that she had seen, and she and her seat-mate talked of the matter till the latter left at the next stopping place. On her way from the train the Connecticut woman related her vivid vision to her husband, and then dismissed it from her mind for the time. The next morning, however, on opening a Sunday paper she started back in alarm. "Why," she exclaimed, "there is the face that looked at me through the car window," pointing, as she spoke, to a large cut of Walt Whitman; "and he died last night," she finished in an awe-struck voice. In the accounts of the poet's death, it was stated that he breathed his last at 6:45 p.m. By recalling the station at which her seat-mate had left, the Connecticut woman was able to estimate that it must have been a few minutes before seven that the face showed itself. In conclusion it may be said that she is a woman of fifty, of exceptional intelligence, the wife of a prominent man, and, aside from her reputation for veracity, has the testimony of two witnesses that she spoke of, and was affected by something she had seen before she could have possibly known of the poet's death.—*New York Times*.

WHAT IS A MEDIUM?

It appears to us that a brief answer might be thus rendered. A medium is a person who is so constitutionally endowed as to give off and be receptive to a peculiar force variously called odyl, psychic, or magnetic, by means of which certain phenomenal results are produced by spirits. Mediums are therefore organically adapted to become the instruments, or the agents, consciously or unconsciously, through whom human beings in spirit life are enabled to make their existence and presence manifest to and hold intercourse with mortals. The phenomena may be of a physical or psychical character. Physical manifestations consist of table movements, direct writings, etc., including materializations. Psychical demonstrations include trance, impressions, visions, clairvoyance, prophecy, inspiration, diagnosis of disease, and psychometry, but all real mediumistic results are due to the action and induced by the efforts of spirit operators through their own and the medium's psychic auras augmented by the force supplied by other sitters whose psychic spheres may be harmonious therewith. There can be no doubt that many experiences of a psychical nature are due to the activity of the human spirit. Many persons are sensitive on the psychical plane. Dreams, premonitions, visions, impressions, healing, clairvoyance, psychometry, and ecstatic lucidity may all occur without direct spirit influence. It is not advisable to attribute all occult experiences to "the spirits." Man, the spirit embodied, has soul powers which can be cultivated, but mediumship differs from the unaided psychical activity of the embodied spirit by being a result of the combined forces of the spirit operator and the medium. A medium should be a student of the phenomena and of the possibilities of mediumship, intelligently co-operating with the spirit workers to provide the best conditions. No medium should be a mere tool, or an unconscious and indifferent agent for, or a blind slave to his/her spirit guide, but should seek to establish the relation of friendly cooperation and true spiritual sympathy to secure the highest good.—*Two Worlds*.

HOW KING OSRIC'S BODY WAS FOUND.

The Dean of Gloucester describes, in *Good Words* for June, how he discovered the remains of Osric, King of Northumbria, under the tomb which occupies the place of honor in Gloucester Cathedral. On the night of January 7, 1892, he caused two panels on the south side to be removed, and there was found a long leaden coffin lying exactly beneath the king's effigy. The top of the lead coffin was broken and a few small bones could be seen. The lower end of the coffin was perfect, and a gray dust marked the position where the feet and legs of the ancient king had lain. They did not disturb the dust, but restored the coffin to its silent resting place. The dean took the hint that the king's body really did lie here from a paragraph in Leland. He says it is the oldest known remains of the Saxon kings of England. The skull is Oswald, however, which is in Durham Cathedral, a hundred years older in the remains of King Osric.—*Review of Reviews*.

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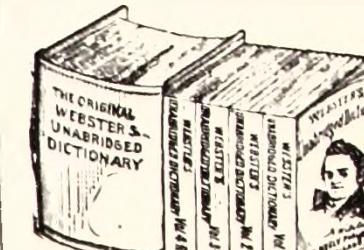
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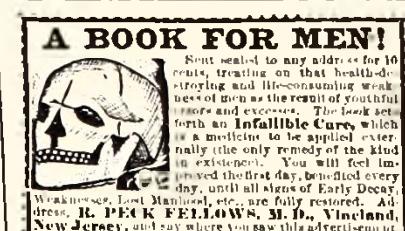
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CINCINNATI - - - JULY 23, 1892

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all in the same.

Written for The Better Way.

MYSTICISM vs. SPIRITUALISM.

ALBERT MORTON.

A work ("On the Heights of Himalay,"
by A. Van der Naillen, United States
Book Co.) which has excited consider-
able interest among seekers after occult
mysteries—having reached a second edition,
contains so much sound philosophy, that serves to coat the nauseous
pill administered to Spiritualists, such
as has been taught by spiritual writers
for many years, that a few extracts from
its pages may be of interest to the readers
of the BETTER WAY.

Mr. Van der Naillen has been a teacher
of civil engineering in San Francisco
for many years, and probably, has sur-
veyed the field of occult mysteries, such
as are related in this work, by turning
his theodolite toward the works of
theosophical story-tellers, rather than
upon actual manifestations transpiring
under his own observations. Our oc-
cult friends must find more substantial
reasons to cause Spiritualists to abandon
the knowledge gained through actual
experiences than a rehash of mysticism
as taught by mythical Mahatmas.

The hero of this book—a Roman
Catholic, "Bishop Angelo," is taught
many truths, in an interesting narrative
style, in his initiation in some of the de-
grees of the temple on the heights; but
nearly all of the advanced teachings are
familiar to students of Spiritualistic
lore. In the preliminary preparation for
initiation he is told of the aura surround-
ing every individual, "an atmosphere ex-
isting not only around the head, but the
entire body and extending to a greater
or less distance. * * In some Chelas
this zone extends from a radius of fifty
feet to two miles. The auras of the
masters, radiate across oceans and con-
tinents. * * Two auras, intermingling
with one another, will have an impress
for good or for evil upon the brain of
both," etc.

We believe this aura extends, not only
across oceans, but to the confines of
thought; yet this is given, with many
expressions of admiration of the wisdom
of the Mahatmic propounders; and one
can hardly take up a spiritualistic paper
without finding some reference to this
truth, claimed to be copyrighted by
the masters.

The high priest said, "The second part
of the first degree of occultism, I must
explain to you at length for it contains
the fundamental tenets upon which the
Eastern wisdom is based. * * Let us
take by way of illustration a piece of ice
which we will call inert matter." He
then traces the changing of the ice to
water, steam, and super-heated steam,
until "it becomes the ether of the scientist,
filling all inter-planetary space. * * Still
another step and this piece of ice be-
comes celestial essence. A few steps
more in the evolutionary process, and it
has become the essence of Parabrahm or
God himself.

The bishop was mute with astonishment
at this beautiful definition of matter
and its return to the higher elements
even to its Creator." We can only ex-
claim with Dominic Sampson, "Prodigious!" Probably the bishop was struck
with awe at the sublimity of the score or
more of Parabrahms melting in his ice.

chest. How the pieces can evolve and
become the essence of Parabrahm,
without conflict with the essence of
piece number one, which fills all inter-
planetary space, is one of those myster-
ies "no feller can find out," and we fear
the explanation by the Mahatmas would
be no more lucid than Koot Hoomis' lame
excuse for playing off Henry Kid
as a lecture at Lake Pleasant as a Hima-
layan production.

The book is an ingeniously and well-
written collection of old stories of the
wonderful achievements of Indian fakirs,
strung on the thread of a love story,
and interwoven with the theories cur-
rent in the writings of Spiritualists,
Christian Scientists, and other students of
psychic matters. Its lame attempt to
explain the implied delusion of medium-
ship seems to be the inspiring motive of
the writer.

The limits of our space will only per-
mit a brief allusion to the great master's
demolition of the truth of communion
with our departed loved ones so comfort-
ing and sacred to benighted Spiritualists.
Miss Livingston, a young American
pupil in a pension at Liege, has a vision
which Bishop Angelo summons a master
from Himalay to appear in astral form
and explain to Olga. After a short sea-
son of prayer the approach of the master
is announced by the astral notes of "sil-
ver bells of sweetest resonance." When
Olga had become sufficiently etherealized
to endure the presence of the master
"surrounded by a radiance so bright
that she could not gaze upon him," he
proceeded to "explain the meaning of
the young girl's vision, which is a matter
of great importance and scientific in-
terest."

"The different colored regions in the
atmosphere are nothing more or less
than the auric zones of the earth. The
dark red zone hovering above the city
and nearest to it, is the zone correspond-
ing to the nervous or animal aura in
man. This nervous aura, is a subtle
emanation of the vital parts of man, of
his nerves, viscera and the like; as is the
dark red aura of the earth, a subtle eman-
ation of all her vital parts."

"The azure-like zone, immediately
above, corresponds to man's intellectual
auric zone."

"The beautiful, brilliant, golden light,
perceived by the child, and extending its
ramifications far away into space, is the
spiritual auric zone of the earth."

"These various auric zones of our plan-
et are the receptacles or storage rooms
of the thoughts of men, for human
thoughts are living entities, and find
conditions propitious to their existence
in the auric zone I have described."

The master gave a lengthy explana-
tion of the varieties of thought, roaming
around in the atmosphere like clouds
over Mount Shasta, then requested Olga
to describe the scenes passing before her
spiritual vision.

"Upon an elevated platform, a gentle-
man is standing; his eyes are closed, his
features pale; his appearance feminine
and delicate; his movements betray a
very nervous temperament. I hear
some of the members say: 'I wonder
what spirit will control him to-day?'
He is a remarkable being,' says another,
'the spirits of the greatest men that have
lived on earth speak through him.'

"Look whence his inspiration comes,'
said the master. *

"I see a large ray of beautiful light
start upward from his head toward the
golden region which I saw in space in my
last night's vision. Thence there de-
scends on him a continuous stream of a
bright yellow hue arousing his brain to
great activity and causing him to speak.

"Do you see any spirits in the golden
region whence the influence flows to his
brain?"

"No," answered the child after a pause.

The master then gives Angelo an elo-
quent explanation of the process by
which the medium taps the auric clouds
of thought floating around loose, and
from them draws an inspiration which
the hearers mistakenly suppose to be
from spirits. After describing a circle
seen clairvoyantly by Olga, in which the
master indulged in a Mahatmic denun-
ciation of the evils consequent upon
such gatherings, the conclusion of the
matter is finally settled in an answer to
the question: "But do spirits not com-
municate with man upon this earth?"
asked the archbishop wondering.

"I might almost truly say no; the oc-
currences being so rare. The members
of our brotherhood do, indeed, at times
communicate with the higher spirits,
but only when planetary conditions are
favorable. * * We are all surrounded
by spirits; the earth is teeming with
them as you well know, but they can not
hold communication with man, any more
than can the bird with the larva under-
ground."

Eureka! Here we have the solution
of the whole theory of Spiritualism in a
nut-shell. We may not hope to com-
mune with our arisen loved ones, but we
are not left entirely disconsolate. A
door is open for us to get stores of wis-
dom, the simplicity of which is ridicu-
lously plain to those who have attained
Himalayan Heights. Would we obtain
communion with those new Parabrahm
we have only to take the higher degrees
of the order, cast our horoscope, and if
the planetary signs are propitious, we
may drink in wisdom from the highest
supernal spheres.

In the publishers' preface to the sec-

THE BETTER WAY.

one edition of this literary monument of
"liberty enlightening the world" we are
told, "it has supplied a philosophy par-
ticularly needed by those who have left
heaven and unsatisfactory paths," but
we are satisfied to trust our senses,
which bear witness to the fact that the
gates are ajar, and the angels are ascend-
ing and descending to comfort and bless
those struggling in the environments of
earthly conditions.

NITRIC ACID BACTERIA.

BY THE EDITORS

In the *National American* for July 21
is an ably written and very interesting
and instructive article upon the above
subject. We wish our columns per-
mitted its publication in its entirety.
We can only find room for extracts. Our
readers interested in practical scientific
subjects should subscribe for the *American*
and enjoy its weekly feast. The
writer says:

"The development of bacterial life
during the last few years has been very
striking. The methods of attack sup-
plied by the gelatin culture, divided
plate and microscope brought the sub-
ject within the scope of ordinary labora-
tory manipulation, and took it to a cer-
tain extent out of the region of the re-
condite, which is so unfavorable to rapid
study and early acquirement of results.
The most extensive processes of decom-
position and fermentation are now found
to depend upon these exceedingly minute
beings. Insignificant as they are in
size, they derive their importance from
their numbers, from their enormously
rapid propagation—twenty minutes
sometimes answering for the lifetime of
a complete generation—and from their
power of bringing about with certainty
some of the most difficult of chemical
combinations.

"The production of ammonia or of
nitric acid from the nitrogen of the air
has long been a dream with inventors.
Hitherto neither combination has been
practically effected, and they have seemed
almost impossibilities. It was found in-
explicable in view of this fact that some
plants seemed to derive nitrogen from
the air, for it was not easy to see how
their green foliage could effect the fixation
of nitrogen.

"This problem of the fixation of at-
mospheric nitrogen by plants has been a
much-debated subject for many years.
Here the bacteria have appeared in the
beneficial role of nourishing and sup-
porting plant life. It has been found
that plants undoubtedly do absorb the
nitrogen of the air, so that it enters into
the combinations of their tissues, and this
power is dependent on the presence of
certain bacteria about their roots. If
the soil is void of these colonies of low
organisms, then no fixation of atmos-
pheric nitrogen occurs. The presence
of these microbes is indicated by swell-
ings and tuberosities on the roots, which
tuberous are thickly colonized with the
microbes, but these swellings are to be taken
rather as a sign of health than of disease."

After considering the fact that different
plants require different bacterial organisms,
and the necessity of care in their
selection and application, the writer
says:

"The nitrification process is one of de-
struction as well as of building up. The
ammonia type molecules are destroyed
and in their place the nitric acid ones are
built up. The offensive products of
sewage, the products which nourish
disease germs, and which with ever-
probability we may recognize as the sup-
porters of typhoid fever and other infec-
tions, are of the ammonia type. In
the nitrifying organisms we have the
agents for destroying the injurious pro-
ducts of sewage. If proper conditions
are supplied, the army of microscopic
beings will attack and destroy the dis-
ease germs, or at least their nutrient,
and will transform the noxious sewage
into a valuable fertilizing agent.

"Some of the advanced processes of
sewage treatment are based on these
facts. The sewage is delivered over the
surface of the land and allowed to per-
colate through it. If supplied in proper
quantity, the nitrifying organisms are sup-
plied with nutriment and dispo-
sely of the sewage. The great
point is believed to consist in a proper
rate of supply of material. Too little sewage will starve the
microbes, while too much must not be sup-
plied for them to dispose of."

The where and the how, are as practi-
cal as the what, and in the last except
will be found much food for thinkers.

Potassium nitrate, or saltpeter, is made
in nitrification beds. Animal refuse of
all kinds is mixed with mortar and lime,
and the heap is watered with liquid
manure, and eventually the saltpeter
formed is washed out of it, and is re-
covered by crystallization. The agents
that produce the salt are the bacteria,
whose part in settling the destinies of
nations by making saltpeter may not be
recognized. The great storehouse of
nitrates, the South American nitrate
beds, were probably produced in a sim-
ilar way in the past, and wars are being
fought, and sulphuric acid is being
used, through the agency of the ro-
ducts of the work of the bacteria of he
past.

"The quick succession of generations,
which are sometimes less than half an
hour in duration, seems to offer the iso-
logist a field for studying changes in life
due to environment. But little has been
done here. To a limited extent a change
can be produced in the constitutive of
some microbes, but the degree of de-
velopment is very small."

There are too many politicians i all
parties, who believe with Rufus Chafee,
that the statement in our American Declara-
tion of Independence, that "all men
are created free and equal," is a glisten-
ing and sounding generality." A state
of brow-sweating and bone-aching bor-
rowed from the *Blackburn Spiritualists*,
would work healthful modification of
their theories, if not a sound conviction
to our fundamental principles of government.

Example is more potent than pre-
cept, for where one leads wisely a large au-
tember will convince themselves by sowing
close upon his footsteps.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mount Etna is in eruption.

Paris will hold a Universal exhibition
in 1900.

Yellow fever is causing fearful havoc
on the north coast of Guatemala and
Honduras.

Cyrus W. Field, who joined two hemi-
spheres by a submarine cable, passed to
spirit life on the 12th inst.

Mrs. Ole Bull makes her home in Bos-
ton with her brother Jo, who married
one of the poet Longfellow's daughters.

Rev. J. Ives, of Bridgeport, Conn., was
hanged in effigy on the 4th. He had been
trying to have street-cars stopped
Sundays.

The bill limiting the amount of wear-
ing apparel imported free by United
States residents to \$100 was passed by
the House.

The French introduced a guillotine in
Ann Arbor, and the first execution delighted
the natives. They consider the horrors
of a criminal death lessened.

A Rome dispatch says that Signor
Balmazello, inventor of the submarine
vessel Pollo Nautica for naval warfare,
has arranged with an American syndicate
to use her in pearl fishing.

Christians are shocked at a report that
the "Passion Play" as given in Switzer-
land, i.e., a drama representing Christ's
crucifixion and preceding scenes—will be
produced at the World's Fair.

The largest schooner in the last pub-
lished government list is the Golden
Age, 1,763 tons, built at Abbott's Bridge,
Ohio, in 1883, and sailing from San-
dusky.

The present Mayor of Huelva, Spain,
where Columbus first met Queen Isabella,
is of the same name and a lineal
descendant of the man who was Mayor
of the place when Columbus sailed to
discover the New World.

Senator Hill introduced a bill in Con-
gress changing the date for the dedica-
tion of the buildings of the World's
Fair from the 12th to the 21st of Octo-
ber, 1892, and the bill was passed.

Lord Spencer's library, which is said
to be unrivaled among the private col-
lections of books in England, and which
contains a matchless set of Caxton pub-
lications, is to be sold at auction next
year.

The rainfall in Tennessee, Arkansas,
Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana during
the past ten days has been unpre-
dicted. The rivers have flooded the
lowlands and the damage done to grow-
ing crops is incalculable.

Secretary Foster has ordered the col-
lection of \$500 fine from the American
steamer Oteri for violating the neutrality
laws by aiding the insurgents in
Honduras. This is the steamer lately re-
ported pressed into the Honduras ser-
vice.

The national convention of the Prohi-
bition party passed a resolution favoring
a liberal appropriation by the general
government for the World's Columbian
Exposition, but only upon the condition
that the sale of intoxicating liquor
upon the grounds will be prohibited

Correspondence.

Notes From Onset Bay.

Onset has written the nature in her gayest mood with a smile and eloquence of beauty. She was never gayer than on the Sunday of the regular campmeeting, nor more prodigal of her charms than at lovely sunset. At dusk the big red moon rose slowly over the grey-gabled cottage of the Clevelandites miles across the bay from Onset a bell or two sounded by the clouds and then came a balloon rising in the thick faden. The threat of rain was soon verified and a down pour commenced which continued all night and gave promise of a fair day on the all-important morrow. Summer residents soon the very close day but and restaurant proprietors are dubious or related according to the probabilities that affect the gathering of Sunday crowds.

The twenty-four hundred residents at Onset expect many more of their friends from city and adjacent country on any pleasant Sunday so that there is surprised relief that they awake on Sunday morning to the beauty of the new day, the fresh verdure of groves and lawns sparkling with diamond raindrops transmuted by the sun into nature's loveliest jewels. A light breeze from off the bay grows stronger, delightfully tempering the atmosphere, and soon the trees are tossing their plumes proudly and the leaves are clapping their hands. The birds, the bobolinks, the chickadees the pretty full-breasted red robins, the lovely blue-birds, and all the other sweet-singing birds make the air vocal with heavenly minstrelsy and seem to bring heaven nearer, and nearer still, to the heart of the listener, and to tell that if it is good to be anywhere at all, that place is at Onset by the sea.

The past week has been full of the inspiring presence and influence of Mr. W. J. Colville's spirit guides. Even the impressions made by the beauty of external nature, which compels exclamations of delight with each succeeding day, and which as our immediate environment seems naturally to dominate our moods, with many a bower of his wonderful lectures becomes secondary, and only like the frame of a beautiful picture.

Mr. Colville commenced his course of twelve lectures on the "Science of Health from a spiritual standpoint" on Tuesday evening. The subject announced gives no idea of the comprehensive theses which as related to the basic principles laid down involve so many interests, all of them emphatically practical, and so clearly presented that the dullest intellect can comprehend them. As an educator this inspired teacher is probably without a peer. And I cannot repress my personal tribute to the modesty of the speaker, who never descends to depreciation of others, but ever emphasizes the importance of all the gifts of the spirit, and every phase of effort, however humble, that tends to the general good. Spiritualism, as combined and illustrated by such a devotee, must and does exert irresistible power.

As the subject matter of these lectures will be presented at other camps, wherever he lectures, and in his books and the journal he edits, *The Problem of Life*, it is not necessary or best to offer a meagre report.

The magnificent bass solos and the instrumental music of Profs. Maynard and Coffin once pleased the large assembly convened at the auditorium, in a gracious mood.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes was the speaker of the morning, surveying Spiritualism as a student, and emphasising the importance of studying our relations to each other here and now. We are spirits now as much as we ever shall be, and our education has here commenced. We are debtors to the past for all that we now are, our race in its present development being the slow evolution from all the conditions and experiences of our progenitors. Our lives to-day generate the forces of that progress which will find expression in our successors. Let us so live that the inspiring force that actuates us shall be increased, strengthened and purified by our observance of the natural condition of mental and physical health.

In the afternoon the organist and harmonica solo of Mr. Coffin and the mocking bird piano arrangement, with whistling accompaniment, of Professor Maynard delighted the audience.

Mr. W. J. Colville then occupied nearly one and one-half hours in a lecture upon "Spiritual Gifts and the diversity of their operations in unity," which held the audience in rapt and wondering attention to the astonishing manifestation of mental vigor, spiritual insight, historical knowledge, and felicity of illustration, which characterized the discourse.

The headquarter's book store and social room, under the excellent management of Mrs. E. E. Jones, is open, and *THE BETTER WAY*, as well as other spiritual journals and books, together with beautiful works of art, and souvenirs of Onset painted by the lady herself, are on sale.

Ex-president Cleveland's new craft, the Ruth, was at Onset Monday night, containing Mrs. Cleveland's mother and the former's aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cadman.

Songs go up in the temple "reserve" grove. Captain Burgess' new steamer, the Genevieve, made the two and one-half mile trip from Mount Beach once this week in eleven minutes. The Genevieve is a popular boat at the outset, and her size commands the craft to all.

The Onset Water Company have secured their charter too late to make any attempt to put in a public water system this season. Mr. Joseph K. Nye, who is at the head of this movement, will push the matter of construction for use another season. The \$5,000 worth of capital stock is, substantially, all placed, and no one need expect to be asked to subscribe. It is not to be that kind of company. Private capital stands ready and anxious to invest in this promising venture. It appears that Onset is fortunate.

The railroad passengers have increased already ten per cent. above last year. The bathing houses on the shore are increasing in number.

The season bids fair to be the most successful in the history of Onset.

The ladies of Onset are wide awake, and will hold another grand fair, the proceeds to be used for the further improvement of Onset.

How the verdure of the parks and auditorium grounds, the shelled roads, the concrete walks, and the improvements everywhere, does astonish the old-time visitors, and please everybody.

MASSASSET.

Cassadaga Camp.

The present season has thus far proved to be one of continuous interest, and many are heard to say that they have enjoyed the meetings we have been having prior to the opening of the camp proper, far better than they do when the crowds of people are here, and we are having lectures every day, while others are of an opposite opinion.

One thing is certain we have had the highest order of inspirational discourses by Messrs. R. S. Little and Jennie B. H. Jackson and minds receptive and appreciative could not fail of being benefited by such instruction.

Last Sunday, the 10th inst., Mrs. Little occupied the rostrum, and gave a discourse, which, if it could be acted upon by the people, would score a degree of advancement in the world's history greater than it has known in many decades of time. It was at once an encourage-

Notes by Mrs. R. S. Little.

Notes by Mrs. R. S. Little. The poor and down-trodden of the children and an appeal to the better nature of man's power. It was virtually an offering of higher altruistic thought which requires of races and individual proprieles as our brothers and which would clear away through the helplessness of one toward another every obstacle in the way of the highest enlightenment of every soul.

The subjects given for the discourse forenoon were: What is the relation of man to the world? the golden rule; the golden calf! Subjects for poem—The trave-stained pilgrim. The Angel; A Leader.

The golden calf was spoken of as a symbol of the dominant power the world over and that men as a rule are measured by the amount of gold they possess. Graphic and pitiful illustrations were given of the abject poverty and misery which is found, especially in the cities all over the land. Ignorance which is many instances so dark that there is scarcely a call within or a desire to be otherwise, while others have the desire, but have not the means to gratify it. These conditions can not exist without affecting the whole. When one man is injured it redounds to the injury of all. Such is the inherent law of human brotherhood and human sympathy and the time is surely coming when an equilibrium will be established in the social condition of the world when poverty will no longer exist when the poor of earth will have been sought out and uplifted, when those who have not the power to care for themselves will be the especial care of others and the qualities of self-preservation will be called out and encouraged to an extent enabling all to be self-sustaining. These meagre extracts give but a faint idea of this masterly discourse, so perfect in sentiment and so glowingly rendered.

Pierre L. O. A. Keebler and family are established in their cottage. He has been to Buffalo a few days of each week to give slate writings and sittings, but will now remain here. Through this medium a skeptic received a facsimile of his father's hand-writing on the slate, which was recognized by his mother and other members of the family.

Mrs. Aklemoor returned from Mount Clemens on Friday looking much improved. All seemed glad to see her, for it seemed that something was wrong while she was away. Miss Lucretia Webster, an elocutionist and one who has had wonderful success and popularity both as reader and teacher, is making her joint visit to our camp, and is the guest of the Little.

I believe the fact has been mentioned in your columns before that an institution has been started at Lily Dale for the cure of drunkenness. A great deal of discussion has been going on through the papers as to the results of the various methods of treatment. The one at Lily Dale is the discovery of B. W. Seymour, M. D., and is termed the "Silvernated Bi-oxide of Gold Treatment." Superiority is claimed for it in the fact that "the action of pure gold remedy has been found too powerful for many systems, gold is a terrible exciter to the nerves and has in this treatment frequently hampered them." Dr. Seymour says, "Silver acts as a mild tonic. It softens and regulates the otherwise sudden action of the gold and works more gradually." Dr. Hyde, a homeopathist, is assisting in putting this method into practice. He tells me several patients have already received the treatment, and he feels that he can recommend it.

When this reaches the readers of *THE BETTER WAY* the campmeeting season for 1892 will have been opened. Come one and all. We are "watching and waiting for you." R. S. L.

Clackamas, Ore.

The annual grove meeting of Clackamas County, Oregon, closed June 27th, and has been a success in every way. Good speakers, music, and tests were the order of the day. The weather was fair, the attendance was large, and the best order prevailed in every part of the camp.

It was announced that on the second Sunday of the meeting Mrs. Bruce, of Sunnyview, would give a public exhibition of independent slate writing. Consequently when the day came our hall was crowded to standing-room only for late-comers. A committee of three skeptics was chosen to watch the proceedings. They minutely examined the stand under which the writing was to take place; also the dark covering that was to be thrown over it. After the inspection Mrs. Bruce took her seat with the committee around the stand, placing a small bit of pencil about as large as half grain of wheat on the slate and the slate under the stand. The other hand was laid on the stand. Soon rays were heard on and about the stand, and scratching as though writing was being done on the slate. At this point one of the committee raised one side of the cloth and peered underneath. Then Mrs. Bruce announced that a message had been written, which, on examination, was found to be true, and recognized by him to whom the message was given. It bore the name one long dead. The committee was then called upon to tell how the writing came on the slate. This they could not do, but declared that in their opinion, the medium did not do it.

It was then announced that on the third Sunday the same phenomenon would again be publicly exhibited through the mediumship of Mrs. Flora A. Brown, of 206½ First Street, Portland. On this occasion the test was given in the grove. A similar committee of skeptics was chosen to watch the proceedings; similar examinations were made as on the first day, and the slate placed under the stand. Soon writing was heard to begin on the slate. On this occasion the committee, if possible, was more watchful than before, but the writing was there, and recognized by a stranger as being from his spirit wife.

Misses Minnie and Gracie Hunter, of Shattuck, aged respectively 14 and 11 years, also gave exhibitions of their medium powers in the test, wherein the inside of the closed and locked slates independent writing of a marked character was done. The messages given on some of these occasions brought tears of joy to the eyes of inquirers.

Miss Gracie is the girl medium, in the presence of whom silver coin and other matters pass from between firmly bound and locked slates. This phenomenon was also exhibited.

WM. PHILLIPS.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Des Moines, after considering and discussing quite a number of important subjects relating to the young society, has adjourned to meet on Sunday evening, September 11th, at which time they hope to secure the assistance of some good test medium. The causes of adjourning to that time were their inability to secure such medium until after the campmeetings, to avoid the heated season, and to give the members a chance to attend campmeeting.

Among other questions discussed by the society was whether or not they would save the closing of the World's Fair and Columbian Exhibition on Sunday. A vote was taken, which resulted unanimously in favor of continuing the World's Fair on Sundays, the same as in other days, that workingmen might visit the same as others.

Several of our members expect to go to Clinton, Ia., to the campmeeting.

THOS. J. NEWBURY, Sec'y.

Denver, Colo.

Wm. B. Sarell writes, while referring very pleasantly to Mrs. Ada Hoye's past work, that Colorado's people are still progressing, having good speakers and good attendances at the meetings. They also hail the return of Mrs. Meyers, of 1411 Champa Street, to their city, whose fresh thoughts and thrilling inspirations are always welcomed by Denver people.

Editor.

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Sparta, Wis.

Sparta is a town where every prospect promises, as far as the gait of nature can bear, that in addition to the grandeur of their present, the inhabitants have a bright future before them. Many of them are business men, while many are students and young girls. Many of them are engaged in various forms of agriculture, others in the manufacture of goods, and still others in trade give a general aspect to the place. There must be an enormous amount of material wealth beneath the soil, for many extensive farms cover the water and supply the inhabitants with the resources which they enjoy, and it is clear they are provided for. There may not be a great deal of it in the soil and a small amount of it in the air, but there is enough to support the growth of vegetation and sustain life. Many families have large incomes from their farms, and are benefited by their work in numerous ways.

In spite of the natural advantages there is a spirit of conservatism and unification among many who dwell there that blinder and more progressive thought. There was once a liberal society, but it has been long abandoned by the stagnating pools of narrow-mindedness in which the orthodox Churches hold the mass of the community. But the human mind is essentially self-active. It will think and reason. It demands a natural right—use that harmonizes with the truths of science and with the longings of the human heart. There are hungering and thirsting souls there, and we spoke to many such in Sparta last Sunday.

It having been announced the previous Tuesday that the daughter of the Baptist missionary would tell on the following Sunday why she had become a spiritualist, Saturday's paper announced that Professor Grimes would speak on Sunday evening in the Baptist Church against immorality and spiritualism. This same professor introduced himself to us personally Sunday afternoon, and remained through our lecture. The guides did their best to show him the nature of pure spiritualism and the earliest features of the future religion of the human race.

Our audience numbered some eighty in the afternoon, and was largely increased in the evening the hall being completely filled. We were happy in imparting to them our joyous conviction that all human souls are the direct offspring of infinite life; that it is impossible for any to be "lost," that all are destined to progress eternally; that our departed loved ones live in a natural world, and are often with us; that family life continues over there, and that human love will never die.

At the close it was difficult to curb the preaching tendency of a certain Second Adventist, who desired us to know that the Bible teaches us that we shall lie dormant in the grave till the resurrection morning. But the audience was wholly with us, and his absurd notion was tacitly rejected by all. That anybody's spirit lies asleep in the grave seems absurd to the last degree to us Spiritualists, who know better. By the way, is there any statement or doctrine that is not countenanced somewhere in the Bible? However contradictory or even materialistic a doctrine may be, one can always find a Bible verse to support it.

That good friend of Spiritualism, George R. Thomas, of Tomah, was present at both meetings, and rendered us most kindly and efficient aid.

Outspoken, pronounced Spiritualists in Sparta are few in number. They need the encouragement, sympathy, and support of their brothers and sisters in other places; and we hope that they will receive it, by letters, and by publications regarding our beautiful philosophy.

Among these good friends of the cause are Mrs. Judge O'Conor, Mrs. Bloomingdale, and Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Paine. We found a happy home during our stay with Mrs. O'Conor. Most lovingly did she care for our needs. A widow, standing almost alone in the world, for those skin by blood are hardened against Spiritualism, she yet holds her solitary light aloft, and longs for happy reunions awaiting her beyond. Mrs. Paine's mediumship is a beautiful gift, but it has been hindered in its expression by poor health and other untoward circumstances. From all these friends we received kindly support, as well as from Mr. M. A. Thayer, who opened his mansion to us for our lecture on "Terrestrial Magnetism" on Monday evening.

May I state through the columns of THE BETTER WAY that I fear the letters that reached Minneapolis for me between July 10 and July 10th are destined to the dead-letter office? My mail should always be addressed to Minneapolis, but I find that my carelessness in asking the Minneapolis postmaster to remail my letters to me to Sparta, Minn., instead of Sparta, Wis., has caused a hiatus in my correspondence. It will not occur again. Address me, as always, at Minneapolis, Minn.

Yours for Spiritualism, ANNA A. JUDSON.

The Campmeeting at Liberal, Mo.

As the time is approaching for the commencement of the spiritual campmeeting at Liberal, in Southwest Missouri, which commences August 20th and closes September 19th, we wish to say that the society, through Bro. G. W. Rogers, of Newton, Kan., has secured a reduction of railroad fare to one and one-third rate for the round trip, on the certificate plan, over most of the western roads. Ask for certified ticket to the spiritual campmeeting at Liberal, Mo. If they come over more than one road and can not get a through certified ticket, they must get a ticket over the first road to the junction of the intersecting road; then get a ticket on the second line to Liberal, or to the next road, and so on until they get through. When at Liberal the tickets must be countersigned by the secretary of the meeting. This will allow the holder to return at one-third fare.

Among the speakers are Prof. J. R. Buchanan, Mrs. Anna Orvis, Lyman C. Howe, Willard J. Hull, Mrs. J. B. Jackson, Hon. A. B. French, Rev. Henry Frank.

For further information or circulars address the undersigned at Liberal, Mo.

Mrs. H. M. WALSER.

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PERSONALS.

Mrs. M. E. Williams has removed to her summer residence on North Long Branch.

Mr. H. N. Foster, spirit photographer, has moved his studio from this city to Chesterfield, and where the friends may address him for the present.

Last Sunday was one of the best of the season, and many of the friends especially members—did honor to it by coming in our theater atmosphere.

Mr. J. M. Starnes, trance medium, of this city and Mrs. A. Avery trumpet medium of Dayton, Ohio, will occupy Carl Beaverton's cottage at Chesterfield Ind. Camp during the meeting where they will be pleased to meet their friends.

OBITUARY.

Pased to spirit life from his late residence in Franklin Avenue Brooklyn, N. Y. on July 19. Dr. Charles E. Blake aged sixty-five years.

Dr. Blake had been in failing health since February last. His disease was beyond the knowledge of the medical profession, though the professors controlling his wife Mrs. Jessie C. Blake had diagnosed the case correctly as was established by a later examination.

The doctor was consigned to the last speaking to his wife and friends only a short time before the close and describing spirit friends who were present and apparently in waiting for him. He was in good spirits and even cheerful.

He realized the change that was coming to him and in reply to a question by his wife, said the way was bright and clear, and all was well.

Many friends were present at the funeral services which were held on the evening of the 21st at his residence. The speakers were Dr. Wyman, Mrs. Stinson Smith, Mr. Maynard and Mrs. E. F. Kurth.

This change leaves our medium, Mrs. Jessie C. Blake, alone, and yet not alone as she has the love and sympathy of many friends both in the mortal and in the spirit to sustain her in her bereavement.

DANIEL COONS.

* * *

SO THEY ARE.

Fast horses are good things on which to go slow.—TRUTH.

* * *

UNDESIRABLE LODGING.

The patronage which, in times past, great princes were in the habit of bestowing upon men of letters, had two sides. What the other side might well be is illustrated by an anecdote of Voltaire, which has been unearthed recently.

In the early days of his literary efforts, the regent of France was much displeased by the tone of Voltaire's remarks about public affairs, and had him locked up in the bastille. But later, when his tragedy of "Oedipus" was represented the prince relented and released the author.

Happening to meet Voltaire soon after, the regent went so far as to say: "Be prudent, and I will take care of you."

"I am infinitely obliged to you," said the poet, "but I beg your highness not to charge yourself further with my lodging."—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

* * *

TEACHER IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL—JOHNNIE, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT LAID IT WAS THAT WAS AFFLICTED WITH A PLAGUE OF INSECTS?

JOHNNIE—YES, MA'M; JERSEY.—NEW YORK HERALD.

* * *

PHILOSOPHICAL.

An old schoolmaster, a venerable disciple of "good old Isaac Walton," once told this pleasant tale of his life as an angler:

I remember, when I was a boy, going out one morning before sunrise to fish for pickerel. I had just hooked a big one, when along came a countryman. He said nothing, but with mouth wide open, stopped to see the fun. The contest had lasted more than half an hour, when suddenly, just as I was going to land the prize, the pickerel, with one rush for liberty, made good his escape.

With a lump in my throat, I instinctively turned to the countryman for consolation.

"Waal, I'll be hanged!" he exclaimed. "Yew held on ter your end, young seller, but he didn't hold on ter hin'r!"—EX.

* * *

FORCE OF HABIT.

Resident Angel—What did you bring your umbrella for? We don't need such things here.

Newly Arrived Spirit—I forgot. I am just from Chicago.—CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

* * *

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

What constitutes the point of a joke is largely a matter of opinion. A German one day expressed himself as being somewhat offended because an American gentleman had asserted that his Teutonic countrymen could not, as a rule, appreciate American jokes. "Try one on me!" said he defiantly, and the American according told him the story of the tree "out West" which was so high that it took two men to the top. One of them saw as far as he could, and then the second began to look at the spot where the first stopped seeing. The recital did not raise a ghost of a smile upon the German's face, and the other said to him: "Well, you see the joke is lost on you. You can't appreciate American humor."

"Oh, but," said the German, with the frankness characteristic of his countrymen, "that is not humor—that is one lie!"

* * *

TEACHER—WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE ANIMALS NOAH TOOK WITH HIM INTO THE ARK, EVERY LIVING CREATURE PERISHED IN THE FLOOD.

Doubtful Tommy—THE FISHES, TOO?

* * *

TWO ANASHED YOUTHS.

Two young ladies got into an electric car recently. One was pretty. All the seats were taken. Two young men were sitting together. Said one to the other—in German: "I'm going to give my seat to the pretty girl."

The other replied, also in German: "Well, I suppose I must give mine to the ugly one, then."

Both young ladies accepted the kindness and thanked the kind young men—in German.

* * *

WIFE—WHAT'S THAT WHITE STUFF ON YOUR SHOULDER?

Husband—CHALK FROM A BILLIARD CUE, YOU KNOW.

Wife (sniffling)—HEREAFTER I WISH YOU TO USE CHALK THAT DON'T SMELL LIKE TOILET POWDER.—N.Y. WEEKLY.

* * *

THE ROTHSCHILDS HAVE A CURIOUS WAY OF PROVIDING A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR ALL THE GIRLS OF THE FAMILY WHEN THEY COME OF AGE.

AT THE BIRTH OF EACH LITTLE GIRL SIX PEARLS, VALUED AT \$2,500, ARE PUT ASIDE. SIX MORE ARE ADDED AT EACH BIRTHDAY, AND WHEN THE YOUNG LADY REACHES THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE SHE IS PRESENTED WITH THE VALUEABLE NECKLACE.

* * *

THE CATARRH MEDICINE AND COMPOUND FOR EYES IS BEING FED MEETLY. MANY THANKS, RESPECTFULLY,

MRS. D. H. HAZEN.

SEND YOUR ADDRESS FOR VALUABLE INFORMATION AND ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR HOW TO BE FITTED BY MY NEW CLAIRVOYANT METHOD. ADDRESS, B. F. POOLE, CLINTON, IOWA.

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IS THAT SO? THIS BETTER WAY IS DETERMINED TO TAKE THE LEAD AND THEREFORE HAS PLACED ITS SUBSCRIPTION PRICE WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERY BODY.

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